THE BOOKMAN

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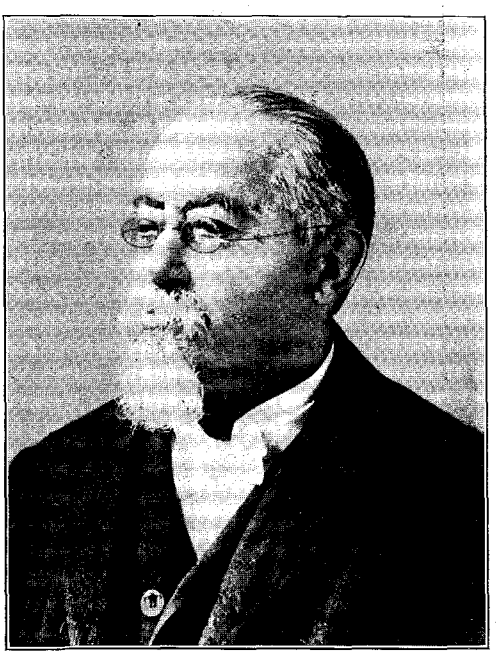
CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Wolfe and Gray's "Elegy"

One of the most respectable of oft-told stories is that General Wolfe, the conqueror of Montcalm, said on his boat in the St. Lawrence River that he would rather have written Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" than take Quebec. If we are not mistaken Thackeray attributed that saying to Wolfe somewhere in *The Virginians,* in which narrative the General played no inconspicuous part. For generations the tale has been repeated in English school-books. Now its authenticity is strongly attacked in Edward Salmon's *General Wolfe,* which has recently been published in England. Mr. Salmon says that "the original story is based on a statement made by a midshipman named Robinson, and is to be found in a letter from Sir Walter Scott to Southey, dated September 22, 1830.

Literature of the Law

From Richard Burton and Sir Thomas Browne on, literature has frequently been enriched by the professional writing of the men of medicine. In comparison with the literary physician, probably the lawyer would cut a sorry figure. Honoré de Balzac to the contrary, it is not without reason that the law is proverbially a dry subject. Yet occasionally there is discovered a lawyer who can write of the subjects connected with his profession in a way to interest the layman. Not long ago Mr. Arthur Train produced such a book in *The Prisoner at the Bar,* and Mr. Frederick Trevor Hill's *Decisive Battles of the Law* doubtless won fully as much attention and praise outside of the legal profession as within it. One of the most entertaining of all recent books of the kind, however, was *The Art of Cross-Examination,* by the former Assistant District Attorney of New York, Mr. Francis L. Wellman. Mr. Wellman seemed to have been particularly fortunate in discovering the proper blend of anecdote, criticism and exposition, for his book had a sale, it is said, larger than that of many a popular novel. Mr. Wellman's new book, *The Day in Court, or The Modern Jury Lawyer,* is to be published this month.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF CESARE LOMBROSO

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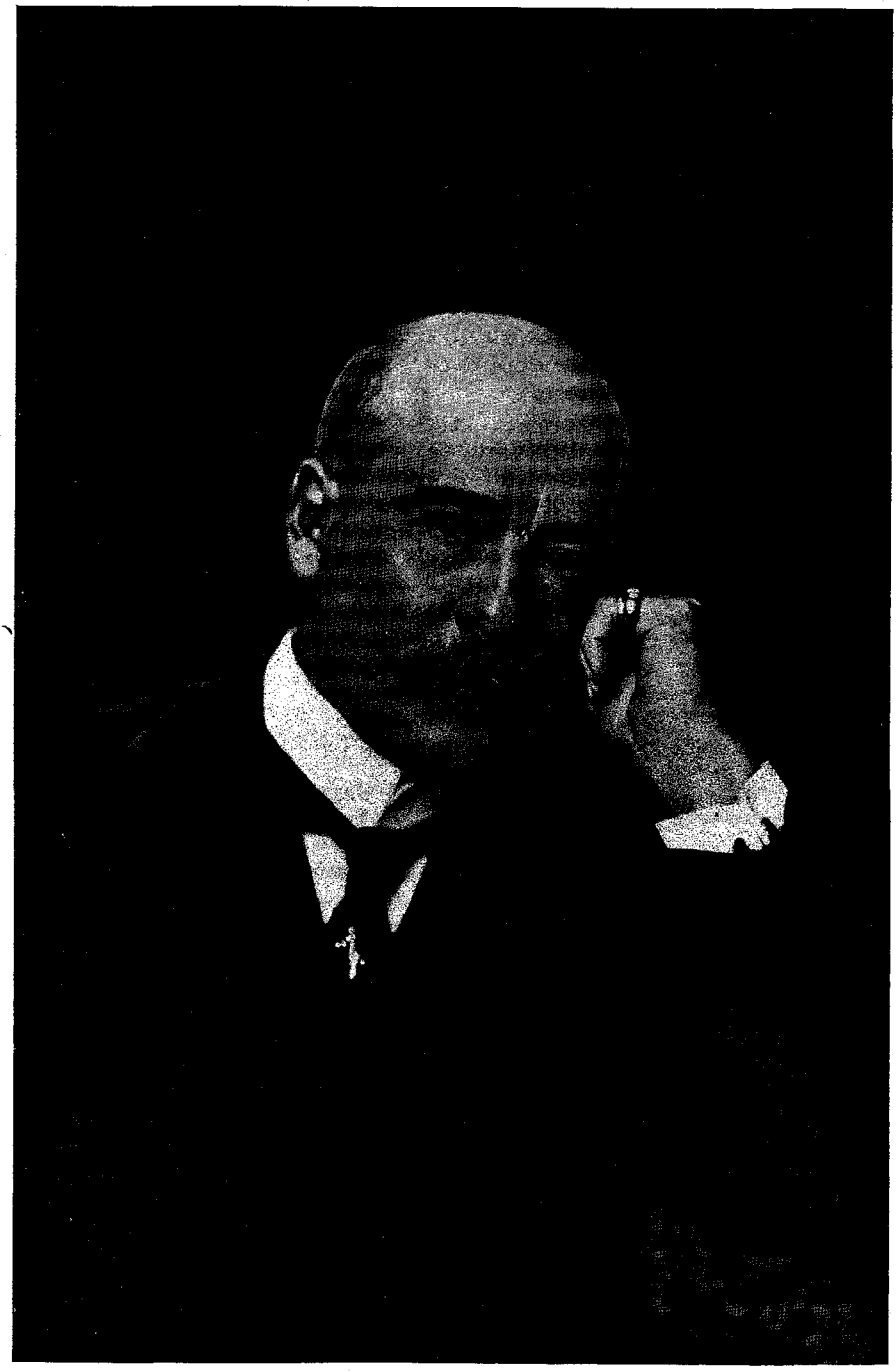

FRANCIS L. WELLMAN

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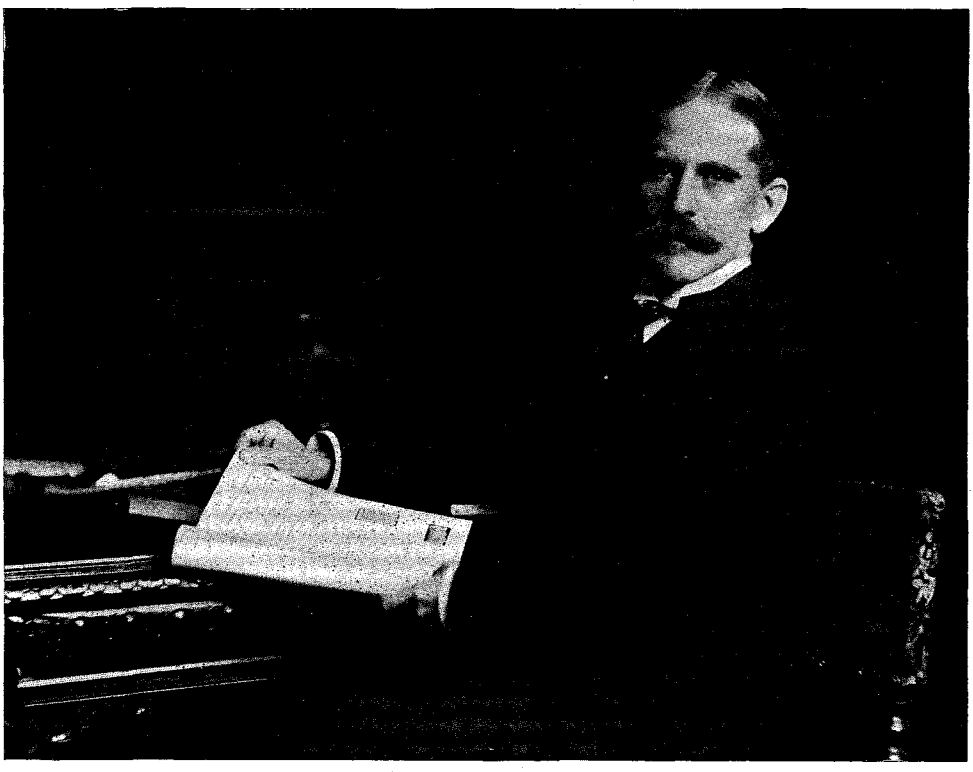

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE

Dr. van Dyke in France

When young Mr. Hyde, late of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, established an exchange of professors between American and French universities, he doubtless did more to promote the international *entente* than all the peace conferences that have ever been held. American professors who have thus far lectured at the Sorbonne have been received with marked cordiality and each has returned with material for a book of more than ordinary interest. The latest occupant of the chair, Professor Henry van Dyke, scarcely needed an introduction to his Parisian audience, for a number of his books have been translated into French, and not long before his lectures began he was the subject of a serious critical study in the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* but the French are notoriously graceful makers of compliments, and the opportunity of introducing Professor van Dyke was too good to be missed. The French version of his book is already in print (the English version is to appear early this month under the title *The Spirit of America*) with an introduction by the Academician, A. Ribot. M. Ribot pays his compliments to the author of *Le Génie de L'Amérique* in these graceful phrases:

> L'auteur n'est pas un inconnu pour nous. On a pu apprécier déjà dans la traduction de quelques-unes de ses nouvelles la fantaisie de son imagination, la délicatesse de ses sentiments et le tour original qu'il sait donner aux récits les plus simples. Il a dans son pays la reputation d'un ecrivain et d'un Professeur de grand talent. . . . M. van Dyke est, en même temps, un poète, un romancier et un critique littéraire des plus distingués. L'Université de Princeton s'est fait honneur en lui offrant la chaire de littérature anglaise qu'il occupe depuis quelques années avec une autorité reconnue de tous.

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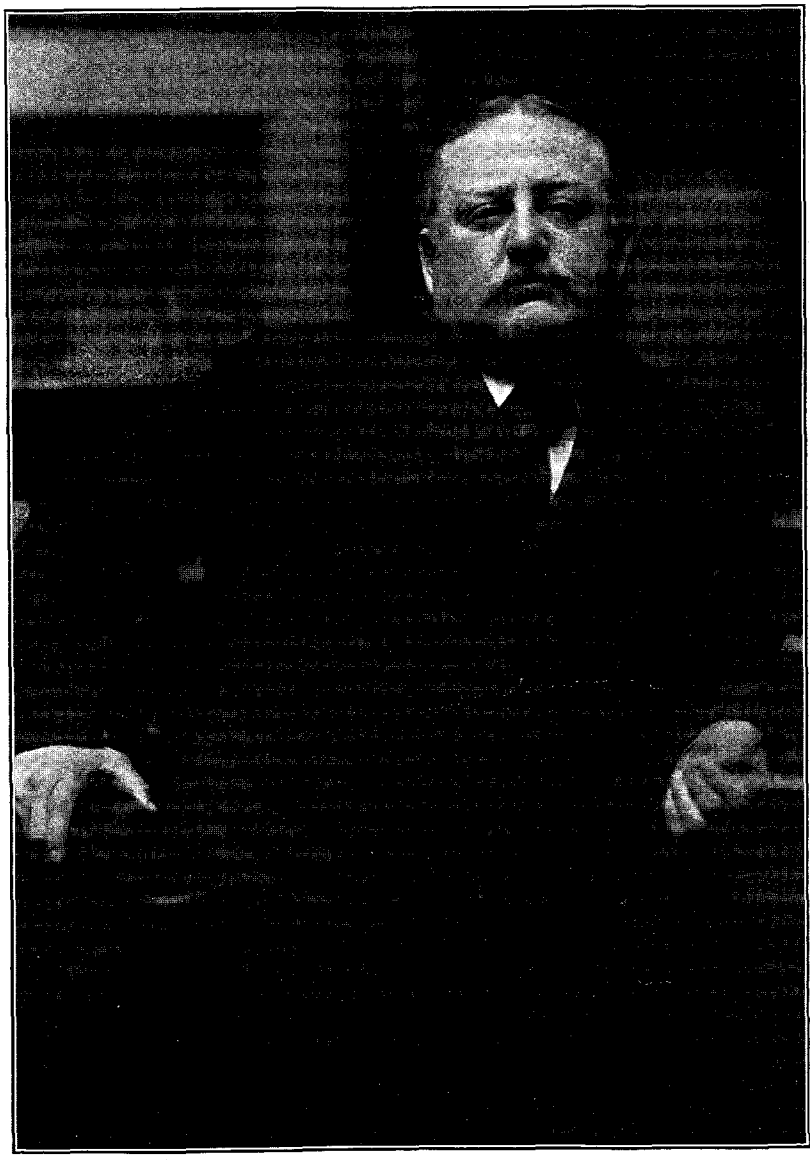
The Source of a Play

We have read a great many dramatic criticisms concerning Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's new play, *The Fires of Fate*. Some have commended it as being excellent melodrama, and some have condemned it as being crude in its construction. But so far, we have not seen evidences that these critics know much about the source of it. We would, therefore, suggest that they read the story entitled *The Tragedy of the Korosko*. This story, of which the sub-title is "A Drama of the Desert," was first written as a serial in 1897, and then published (with some alterations) in book form. So far as we know, the only edition produced in this country was that brought out in 1898 by the Lippincotts in Philadelphia. Those who have seen the play will find it interesting to compare it with the book from



THE LATE FREDERIC REMINGTON

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which most of the material was drawn. On the whole, we think the play to be superior to the novel, and some of it is entirely new.

Professor Harry Thurston Peck's *Twenty Years of the Republic*, which was issued by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company four years ago, has been translated into French and will appear during 1910 from a leading publishing house in Paris. The translator is M. Ch. Oster, a member of the Cour d'Appel in Paris, and well known in France as a leader of the Conservative Party, which he represented for a long time in the Chamber of Deputies.

American History in French

A. C. BENSON FATHER HUGH BENSON E. F. BENSON

THE BENSON BROTHERS

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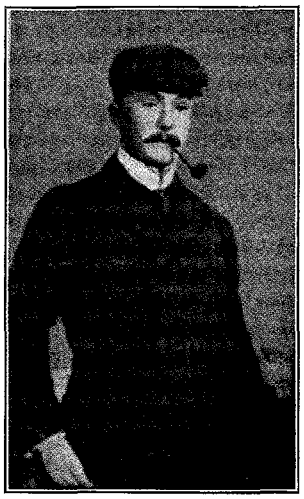
M. Oster has added a number of notes for the benefit of his French readers, and these notes will not have the weird character of most notes which Frenchmen write about American affairs, since M. Oster has several times visited this country, and has studied our politics and our political leaders at close range and with great thoroughness.

H. de Vere Stacpoole

When that excellent sensational story, *The Man Without a Head,* appeared two or three years ago, the title page gave as the author the name of Tyler de Saix. It was generally understood that this was a pseudonym, but the American publishers were exceedingly reticent in their attitude toward those seeking more definite information. It has since been admitted, however, that Tyler de Saix is Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole, who, although not widely known in this country, has for years had an excellent standing in England as a man of letters.



H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

Siberia by Proxy

Count Tolstoy is virtually an exile in Siberia by proxy. Recently his secretary, M. Guseff, was arrested and exiled for disseminating revolutionary literature. According to Tolstoy, this literature was nothing but Tolstoy's own works. The Count has been violently denouncing the Russian Government in the newspapers for attacking him through his friends, asking why they scruple to prosecute the author himself.

Selma Lagerlöf

The recent award of the Nobel prize to Selma Lagerlöf not only definitely enrolls her in the small group of modern authors of cosmopolitan interest, but also rounds out a series of public honours such as

COUNT TOLSTOY AND HIS WIFE

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MRS. CAWEIN MR. CAWEIN MRS. PAPE MR. PAPE

Mr. Madison Cawein's *The Giant and the Star* was reviewed in the January issue. This picture shows Mr. and Mrs. Cawein with Mr. Eric Pape, whose paintings illustrate the complete edition of Mr. Cawein's works, and Mrs. Pape, on board the *Viva*, in Annisquam River, near Gloucester

have rarely fallen to the lot of a woman novelist. In May, 1907, on the occasion of the Linnæan Jubliee, she was presented during an impressive ceremony, held in the cathedral of Upsala, with the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy, conferred by the university of that city. And a year later, on the eleventh of November, she celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of her birth, on which occasion she received a host of congratulations from writers of distinction, among others the following highly characteristic telegram from Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania:

I salute the great and well-beloved poet with all my soul and with all gratitude for the hours of flawless pleasure which I owe to her beautiful books. Her personages remain as ineffaceable types; her scenes are those of a master hand, as, for instance, that of the aged enthusiast, playing Beethoven on a table, in order to console the despair of his friend. I could go on citing them endlessly. All glory to the creative genius of my beloved Sweden, "Thou ancient, thou stalwart, thou mountain-crowned north, thou silent, thou radiant beauty!"*

CARMEN SYLVA.

*Quoted from the Swedish national hymn.

The mention of Selma Lagerlöf as a candidate for the Nobel prize came somewhat as a surprise to the majority of American readers, to whom the naïve simplicity of her materials, the atmosphere of legendary remoteness, and to some extent the suggestion of the gloom and chill of northern nights form a barrier against widespread popularity. It is to be hoped that her new honours will call attention to the fact that she is an author we can no longer afford to overlook, and that we may well take the time to become acquainted with the slim array of volumes on which her fame is founded. At first sight it seems rather surprising that a woman of such unusual gifts should, in her fifty-second year, have produced only nine volumes, including some brief collections of short stories. The reason, however, is not difficult to understand when we realise that she had nearly reached the age of thirty-five before the publication of her first work, *Gosta Berling's Saga*. The history of this first volume, from its genesis in her mind when a mere school girl, to its completion nearly twenty years later, has recently been told in a charming and thoroughly characteristic manner by the

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SELMA LAGERLÖF, TO WHOM THE NOBEL PRIZE WAS RECENTLY AWARDED

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author herself under the title of *A Saga About a Saga,* and may be briefly epitomised as follows:

There was once upon a time, so she begins, a Saga which was desirous of being written and given out to the world. And so this Saga went around from village to village, from house to house, knocking at each door and window blind until it came one day to the little house in Värmland, which was Selma Lagerlöf's own birthplace. Here as a child she absorbed the naïve, primitive folk tales of the country, and as a young girl felt a growing longing to give them expression. She even tried in a clumsy, immature way to fashion them into a five-act tragedy and an epic poem. But it was all to no purpose. She looked upon life through the eyes of a born romanticist; the greatest of all reality was to her the reality of ancient legends and folk-lore. But in those days, as she phrases it, romanticism was dead, and who was she, an ignorant and unknown girl, to try to bring it to life again? So the project was laid aside throughout the years that she spent in Stockholm as a student, and the still longer years that she spent as teacher in an elementary school in Landskrona. It needed the incentive of actual necessity, in the form of reverses, that necessitated the sale of the old home in Värmland, to make her come to two important decisions: first, that the book must be written; secondly, that it must be allowed to write itself in its own way.

It was in the summer of 1890 that a Swedish magazine, the *Idun,* offered a rather tempting prize for the best novel of a specified length to be submitted on a certain day in July. It was not until eight days before the close of the contest that Selma Lagerlöf decided to enter the lists. Out of the shapeless mass of material that had been slowly gathering through twenty years she finally selected five chapters that did not seem hopelessly lacking in unity, and in spite of the fact that she happened at the time to be away from home on a visit, started in upon the formidable task of rewriting and expanding all five chapters, and adding a supplementary forty pages, which were produced during the last night of grace, the final word being written at four o'clock in the morning. The first news that reached her of the result was a telegram received in the following November, containing congratulations and signed by three of her former friends in the elementary school. The longest day in her life, she says, was until the following noon, when the regular mail brought her the authoritative news that she had won the prize. In this connection, a story which Selma Lagerlöf did not herself see fit to relate, but which comes through another reliable source, is worth repeating. One of the committee of three appointed to pass upon the manuscripts happens to have his summer home upon a small island where the wind has full sweep, and the rippling of waves plays at night-time a tune of ghostly monotone. It happened that one night this reader prolonged his task long after his usual bedtime hour, and his wife, becoming curious at his absence, tiptoed to his study, and noticed, with growing wonderment, that the good man, after every fourth or fifth line, would pause to cast slow and furtive glances over his shoulder. "My dear," she asked him, with inconsiderate abruptness, "why do you keep twisting your head around in that funny way?" Caught unawares, and bent mainly upon hiding his nervous fear, he replied with naïve frankness, "Because I want to make sure that the devil is not sitting in that rocking chair behind me."

Shakespeareana

Some months have passed since Dr. Wallace, of Nebraska, published an account of a Shakespeare discovery which was immediately acclaimed in England as the greatest find in over a century and a half. Not since 1747, when the Rev. Joseph Green lit upon the will, had anything so important to Shakespeare biography been brought to light. Such at least was the judgment rendered with proper solemnity a few days after the publication. Furthermore it was said that it wholly eclipsed the Halliwell-Phillips find of the eighteen eighties, which, as we know, resulted in a *Life* of Shakespeare that ran to a thousand pages. One hundred

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and sixty years are a long time between facts, and one would have thought that American literary periodicals would have been full of the subject. So far we have not seen any signs of a commensurate excitement, though Dr. Wallace is a fellow-countryman. Ten years ago, when the late Locke Richardson merely threw out the hint that Falstaff might have been a choir-boy in his youth, because Dame Quickly said he babbled of green fields on his deathbed (doubtless a reference to the Psalm and the Psalm was doubtless known to choir-boys), even the newspapers joined in the scholarly applause. Compared with the turbulent past of Shakespearean exegesis and chronology, the effect of the present find seems strangely inadequate.

To be sure, the Wallace documents do not stir the layman very deeply, for in the main they merely confirm what the layman, on the authority of the usual *Life,* has been believing for some time past, namely, that Shakespeare was a prosperous manager and playwright in his time, drawing an income of about £600 from his two theatres. Mr. Sidney Lee and others have been fairly precise about that figure £600. In his new and revised edition of the *Life* recently published, Mr. Lee writes:

> After 1599 his sources of income from the theatre greatly increased. In 1635 the heirs of the actor Richard Burbage were engaged in litigation respecting their proprietary rights in the two playhouses, the Globe and the Blackfriars theatres. The documents relating to this litigation supply authentic, although not very detailed, information of Shakespeare's interest in theatrical property. [The Halliwell-Phillips documents.] Richard Burbage, with his brother Cuthbert, erected at their sole cost the Globe Theatre in the winter of 1598-99, and the Blackfriars Theatre, which their father was building at the time of his death, was also their property. After completing the Globe they leased out, for twenty-one years, shares in the receipts of the theatre to "those deserving men Shakespeare, Hemings, Condell, Phillips and others." All the shareholders named were, like Burbage, active members of Shakespeare's company of players. The shares, which numbered sixteen in all, carried with them the obligation of providing for the expenses of the playhouse, and were doubtless in the first instance freely bestowed. Hamlet claims, in the play scene (III. II. 293), that a successful dramatist might reasonably expect such a reward for a conspicuous effort. In *Hamlet,* moreover, both a share and a half-share of a "fellowship in a cry of players" are described as assets of enviable value (III. II. 294-6). How many shares that originally fell to Shakespeare there are no means of determining. Records of later subdivisions suggest that they did not exceed two. The Globe was an exceptionally large and popular playhouse. It would accommodate some two thousand spectators, whose places cost them sums varying between twopence and half a crown. The receipts were therefore considerable, hardly less than £25 daily, or some £8,000 a year. According to the documents of 1635, an actor-sharer at the Globe received about £200 a year on each share besides his actor's salary of £180. Thus Shakespeare drew from the Globe Theatre, at the lowest estimate, more than £500 in all.
>
> His interest in the Blackfriars Theatre was comparatively unimportant, and is less easy to estimate. The often quoted documents on which Collier depended to prove him a substantial shareholder in that playhouse have long been proved to be forgeries. The pleas in the lawsuit of 1635 show that the Burbages, the owners, leased the Blackfriars Theatre after its establishment in 1597 for a long term of years to the master of the Children of the Chapel, but bought out the lessee at the end of 1609, and then "placed" in it "men-players" which were Hemings, Condell, Shakespeare, etc. To these and other actors they allotted shares in the receipts, the shares numbering eight in all. The profits were far smaller than at the Globe, and if Shakespeare held one share (certainty on the point is impossible), it added not more than £100 a year to his income, and that not until 1610.

From the Wallace documents it would seem that the estimate of Shakespeare's total income at £600 was correct, but that instead of being derived mainly from the Globe it came in equal parts from the Globe and the Blackfriars. Thus the reasoning and conjectures in the above-quoted passage fall to pieces, which is our excuse for quoting its dreary detail, for it illustrates admirably the doings and

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undoings of Shakespeare scholarship. The usual volume on the *Life* is often of the tissue of romance even when it reads like a business directory.

Dr. Wallace's newly found records pertain to a suit brought by one Thomasina Osteler against her father, John Hemyngs the actor, Shakespeare's friend, and they recount the history of the shares of the Globe and Blackfriars theatres from the beginning, citing the market value of each share, and thus affording a basis for an estimate of the market value of the two theatres at the time (1610). They show Shakespeare's name on the company's list next to the names of the managers, and they describe the site of the Globe Theatre not where tradition has placed it and where the Barclay and Perkins brewery now stands, but at some distance from that spot and on the opposite side of the street. Already word-clouds have begun to gather over this question of site. Friends of the brewery will not lightly give it up. The Beerbohm Tree Shakespeare celebration was held there despite the announcement of the discovery. It is likely, too, that there will be some rather weighty discussion of the character of John Hemyngs whom his daughter Thomasina accuses of serious misdeeds. For Hemyngs, as Shakespeare's "life-long friend," will have to be defended, and Thomasina, though described as a rather shady character, will no doubt have her champions. Thus new chapters will be added to the *Life*, no more irrelevant, when one comes to think of it, than many of the present chapters.

The Best Seller

A good deal of interest has been shown in the article entitled "The Confessions of a Best Seller" which appeared in the December number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It has been ascribed to various authors, among them Mr. Robert W. Chambers and Mr. George Barr McCutcheon. It has also been suggested that the writer was not a "best seller" at all, but some less fortunate scribe "playing off." As a matter of fact there has never been any doubt about the identity of "Best Seller." He says that before turning to novel spinning he practised law, and was for ten years engaged in active newspaper work. He also says that for the six years before January, 1909, his books appeared fifteen times in first place among the "six best sellers" as they are published in THE BOOKMAN, and that one of his novels headed the lists for three consecutive months. All of which points directly to Mr. Meredith Nicholson, of Indianapolis, author of *The Main Chance, The House of a Thousand Candles, The Port of Missing Men, The Little Brown Jug of Kildare,* and *Rosalind at Red Gate.*

Hall Caine's Ambition

Poor Mr. Hall Caine is again in the limelight. He was recently photographed "at home" for a cinematograph company, and a contributor to the London *Sphere* was unkind enough to suggest that the Manx author was paid for the concession. This has been denied by the president of the cinematograph company, who says that "far from being paid, great pressure had to be brought to bear on the popular novelist before he would consent to the ordeal." In a comment on the matter, Mr. Clement K. Shorter calls attention to the fact that Hall Caine is a very rich man. He has recently boasted of the large sums he receives from the constant performances of his plays, and he has declared that it is a matter of indifference to him how many copies of his books sell, apart from his ambition to disseminate "good literature," as he considers it.

The violent criticism directed at his latest novel—this criticism not merely concerned itself with the literary character of the work, but charged personal misconduct, and defamation of country—has led Hall Caine to issue a sixty-page pamphlet entitled "Why I Wrote the White Prophet." To prepare himself for the task, Mr. Caine says that he made one visit to Palestine and three long visits to Egypt. For the problems dealt with he talked with some of the foremost authorities, the greatest soldiers and statesmen of various nations, the leaders of the Jewish, Christian, and Moslem churches, as well as the poor Rabbis, the poor missionaries, the poor Arabs of the

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desert. Before he began to write the novel itself he wrote six little pamphlets that will never be published, being biographies for his own private use of the chief characters of the story, designed to tell him exactly who and what they were and how they reached the crises in their lives which he intended to describe. When actually launched on the story itself he wrote it from end to end three times, first in a rough draft dictated to his secretary, next in a scenario as long as a book, and finally in the version which was intended for the public. This final version occupied fourteen months, and during that time he worked every day, whether at home or abroad, in the city or on the desert or on the sea, usually beginning at four in the morning and going on until midday, spending some hours of the afternoon in repose, and then revising at night what he had produced in the morning.

The Late Father Tabb

We may not let this number pass without a word about John B. (Father) Tabb, whose death took place in Maryland early in December. Father Tabb was one of the oldest contributors of this magazine. In glancing over the first volume we find in a note in the Chronicle and Comment that "Father Tabb's *Poems* is undoubtedly the most successful first book of poetry issued in America in many years. Published just before Christmas, the dainty little volume is already in a third edition." A few months later we find two quatrains from his pen, "Lear's Fool" and "The Billows."

LEAR'S FOOL

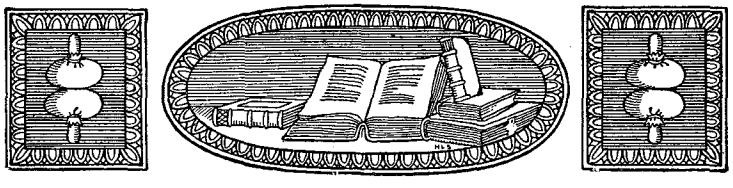
"I'll go to bed at noon"—
Ah, fool, 'tis wisely said;
For sorrow, ne'er too soon,
The requiem call to bed."

THE BILLOWS

Of tribes that in the desert fell
The wandering souls are we,
Wind-scattered seed of Ishmael
Upon the sterile sea.

Father Tabb was born in Amelia County, Virginia, March 22, 1845. He was educated by private tutors. At the beginning of the War of Secession he entered the Southern service as captain's clerk on the *Robert E. Lee,* which, under the command of Captain John Wilkinson, ran the blockade of Wilmington, North Carolina, twenty-one times. Finally, in the autumn of 1863, the vessel was captured, and John Tabb was imprisoned at Old Lookout, Maryland, where a fellow-prisoner was Sidney Lanier, who became his life-long friend. After the war young Tabb taught music in an Episcopal school in Richmond, and in Racine College, Michigan. He studied as a candidate for orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, but found himself drawn to Roman Catholicism, and became a member of that church in 1872. He was appointed to the chair of English at St. Charles College, near Ellicott City, in Maryland, and in 1884 took priest's orders. One of the most typical and beautiful of Father Tabb's verses was "Evolution."

Out of the dusk a shadow,
Then a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes
Life again.



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BERLIOZ IN THE UNDERWORLD. FROM CHARIVARI OF LEIPZIG

GRAND OPERA IN COMIC ART

NO matter how much one insists that grand opera is as old as the hills, or nearly, there will always remain a circle of those who profess to believe it a novelty in civilisation's progress, and who go to it under protest, and make fun of it when they do. But people must be forgiven their pet aversions; many otherwise intelligent persons condemn musical dialogue to themselves on the ground that it is contrary to nature, as though nature had anything to do with art beyond lending her everything she needs. Even Addison and Steele, having no gift of the crayon to turn to, dipped pen in polite vitriol to declare that "opera is a monstrous anomaly." Yet Addison would pore over the pages of Shakespeare, as though the *"Ah! soccorso! son tradito!"* of the Commendatore, when Don Giovanni has pierced him through, could be any more unreasonable than Prince Arthur's

"Oh me! My uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!"

which he might have found in *King John*. The relation which poetry and music bear to conversation is so akin that any one who accepts verse ought to welcome opera.

However, as it always happens with serious things, there is scarcely a better foundation in all the world for hilarity than grand opera, an accomplishment of mental progress that the turn of the caricaturist's pencil can make more ludicrous than lyric effort, costumed, and charged for at a good rate per sitting. The minute, for instance, Lohengrin's trusty swan swam into musical history the poor bird was snared by the comic artist, roasted before the fire of his ridicule, and served up in morsels of delight to those who preferred smiles to song. One cannot help wondering if, in the good old Athenian days, people also poked fun at Æschylus, or at Sophocles, when the words of these masters were being tunefully chorused on the Attic stage. Perhaps some Corinthian vase-painter over on a visit found *Antigone* amusing, and returned to his own town after his holiday, to paint a mirthful version of it to upset poor old Sophocles's solemnity.

At any rate, even the music-loving Italians could not refrain from fun-mak-

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ITALIAN OPERA. FROM "LE JOURNAL POUR RIRE" OF PARIS

ing over Galuppi's setting of the tragedy, first performed in 1754, while nearly a hundred years later—just sixty-five years ago last month—Mendelssohn's *Antigone,* put on in London, so tickled the British funny-bone of the day that *Punch* produced an especial cartoon in its most comic vein of that most striking part in the whole opera, the Invocation to Bacchus (the Bacchanalian Chorus, as it is usually called). This is one of the earliest comic effusions we have on modern opera. Mendelssohn was much annoyed, and to his dying day it was to him a mystery that there could have been anything funny about his *Antigone.*

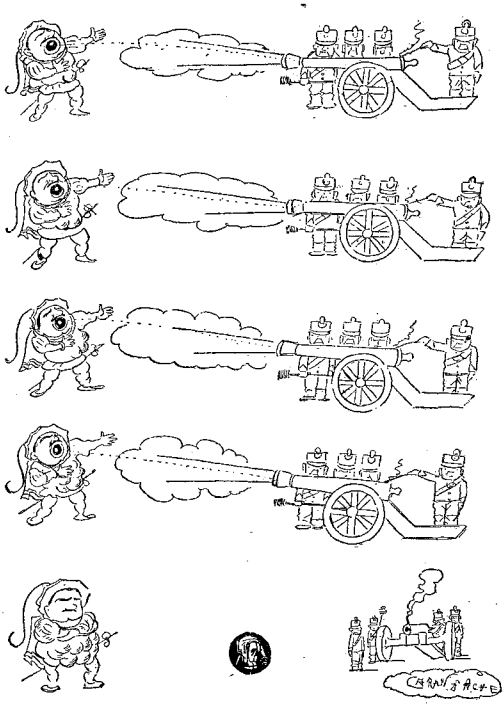
It must not be supposed, however, that grand opera in comic art owes its exploitation in caricature to any especial antipathy to music which the illustrator of men and manners may hold, or that the pencil of his wit is sharpened by caustic inappreciativeness. Quite to the contrary. Who of all men, for instance, loved music better than Gustave Doré. Indeed, Doré was a skilful musician himself, and had a trained ear and an excellent voice. Nevertheless, his introduction to the art-world was through his comic drawings of grand opera, and of the noted opera singers in his day.

When a very young man, studying hard at the Lycée Charlemagne, Doré met Ch. Philipon, founder of the still famous *Journal Pour Rire.* Philipon bargained with him for a set of cartoons on the Italian Opera, to which the French had come to take more kindly than in Rinuccini's day, when they would have nothing of it, despite Marie di Medici's attempts at patronage.

So it came about that Doré thus started upon his career as an artist. However faithfully he may have worked away at his task, and we know he did, of one thing one may be certain, and that is that he did not relish the subjects chosen by Philipon as tests for his versatility. At least this is what he once wrote a friend about the matter:

> The branch of art styled Caricature was a long way from being the one to which my natural tastes attracted me, for although in four or five years I had produced a number of drawings which readily ran into the thousands, it was simply because Philipon was the only editor who then accepted my sketches, and that he had but an exclusive specialty in publishing, that of caricature.

Yet with a nature like Doré's, and an imagination as rampant, any man might



A CELEBRATED TENOR ANNOUNCES HIS VOICE AS CANNON PROOF. FROM "ARS E LABOR" OF MILAN

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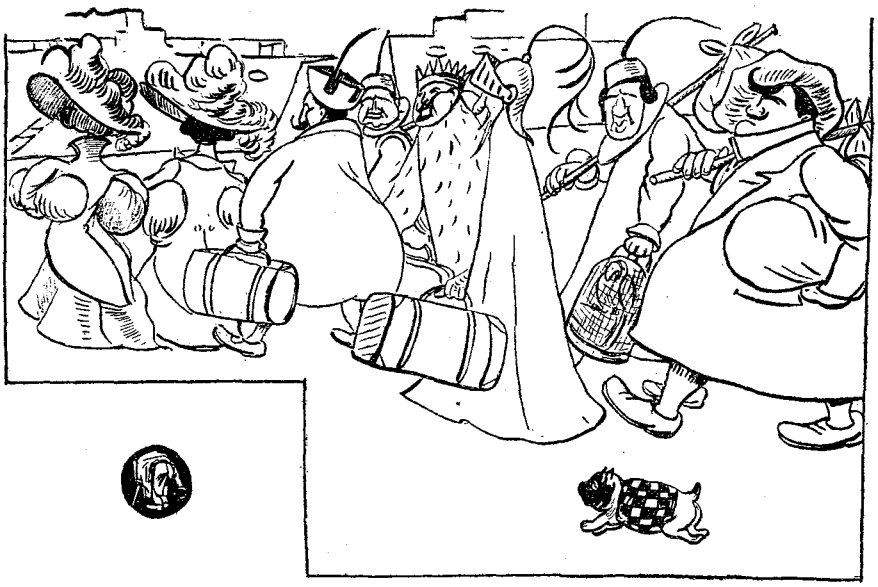

THE DEPARTURE. FROM "ARS E LABOR" OF MILAN

THE IMPRESSARIO. BY RAYMOND BAËRT IN "LA COMÉDIE" OF PARIS

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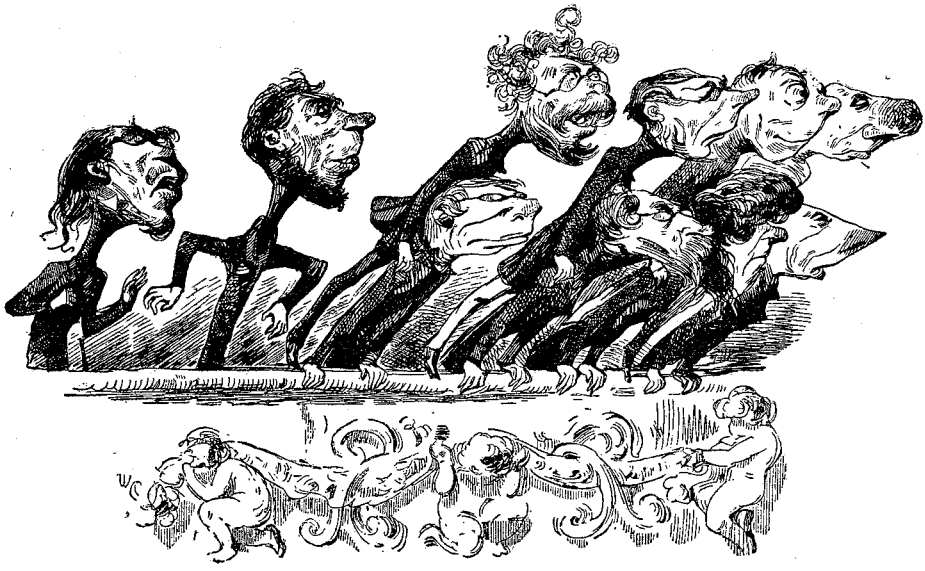

THE AUDIENCE ENTHUSIASTIC

have found, in such work as he complained distressed him, a mental safety-valve for thought-pressure. Sometimes Doré rebelled, and turned from caricaturing the opera to making comic pictures of its audiences. This we may see in one of his sketches of an audience interested, and then bored. But Doré, the serious artist, always felt apologetic for Doré, the comic one; and no wonder, when we remember that drawing funny pictures of serious operas was a paltry pursuit compared to attending those little dinners at Rossini's, where Doré often met Patti and Albani, who would sing duets, accompanied by Rossini, or, if they had eaten too much to be tuneful, be regaled by Doré's jodeling, for which he was renowned, and with the performance of which an hour at even Rossini's inexhaustible table never seemed to interfere.

Although, under protest, Doré once did a screaming drawing to caricature a performance of Gluck's *Orpheus and Eurydice,* at another time, when visiting the Viardots at Baden-Baden (where, the reader will remember, there are many remarkable rock caverns) Doré suddenly

THE AUDIENCE BORED

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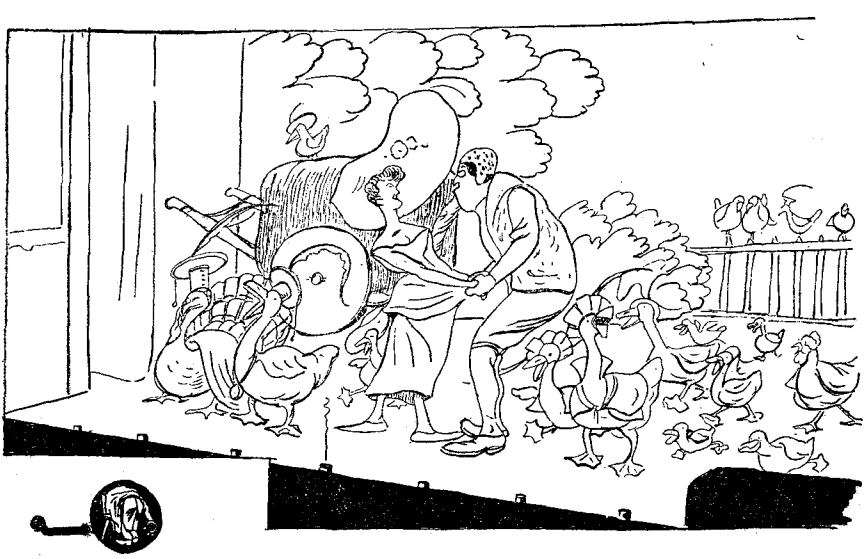
THE REHEARSAL. BY RAYMOND BAËRT IN "LA COMÉDIE" OF PARIS

burst out gloriously, singing the music of the grand chorus, at the part just before the descent into the mouth of the Tartarus, which the landscape before him suggested. Mme. Viardot-Garcia (a sister of Malibran) and some other singers were in the party at the time, and, instantly affected by Doré's inspiration, joined with him, until they had sung the opera nearly through, and had enacted it there again amidst the natural grandeur of the scene that led every one to declare there had never before been seen or heard so wonderful a performance. Surely, as she herself declared, Mme. Garcia had never sung so well in all her life; so it must have been very wonderful indeed. It was always a consolation, Doré afterwards declared, that this was one opera he did not have to go home directly after and caricature, in order to be able to get to the next! Nevertheless he once showed a friend a caricature of Offenbach as Orpheus, which amused him highly. Perhaps genius is inconsistent; perhaps grand opera in comic art is not so much one of Steele's anomalies after all!

Rossini's unconquerable laziness was often more lampooned than his operas. However, when, in 1824, Rossini was so much the rage that comic drawings of scenes from his operas were circulated privately, Beethoven felt his own popu-



"THE MASCOTTE," LATELY AT THE NEW THEATRE. FROM "ARS E LABOR" OF MILAN

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larity waning—no one was picturing him in comic art—and so that Titan of music awoke to his third manner (in sheer rage perhaps) and produced his Ninth Symphony, which Vienna received with unbounded enthusiasm. For what strange things is comic art often responsible, indirectly! But *Fidelio* and its composer were almost never caricatured; one cannot call the drawing we have of him by Lyser anything but a probably true portrait of Beethoven. Twenty thousand persons attended his funeral, yet the year 1863 found his grave in neglect, which shows that Dame Comedy foresaw, perhaps, the tragedy of his genius, and was kind to the living Beethoven, after all.

Rossini suffered as much by Meyerbeer's rising star when *Les Huguenots* appeared in 1836. After that he refused to write more for the Académie de Musique, and the comic artists of the day took advantage of a knowledge of this resolve to poke fun at his expense. They were fond, too, of calling attention to the fact that Berlioz played no instrument, although he strummed a bit on the guitar, and piped a feeble tune on his flute. His new ideas of orchestration were dubbed "Berlioz's Netherworld," and his operas were turned to account by comic artists everywhere.

THE MAN WITH THE HIGH C

The good old days when the *personaggi* of opera were almost rigidly six, three women and three men (the prima donna a high soprano always, the second or third lady a contralto, and the men artificial sopranos and artificial contraltos) found the comic artist with great opportunity for expressing his mirth over man's seriousness—over woman's, too, for that matter, when we remember the men's parts taken by the famous Mrs.

THE HIGH NOTE. BY GUSTAVE DORÉ

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Barber and Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, possessed of "basement pitched" voices. Händel's *Teseo* was, therefore, considered very funny (all the male voices being artificial sopranos and contraltos). On other scores Händel was lampooned with brush as well as with pen. History will never forget the famous squabble he had with a rival *impresario,* one Senesino, who coaxed away his *primo uomo,* much as the rival *impresari* of to-day tempt tenorial loyalty to lesser dollars.

But comic art to-day mainly concerns itself with grand opera to the extent of caricaturing events in rival operatic camps. The Italian cartoonists busy themselves with funny pictures of the departure for America of opera troupes, or the dismal return of unsuccessful other ones. The French can never become reconciled to the fat Elizabeths, or the rotund Tannhäusers, and love to poke fun at opera-rehearsals. New York's fame as an opera centre has carried stories all over Europe of our wonderful scenic resources, so when Italy hears that *La Mascotte* is to be put on at our New Theatre her comic artists hurry to pencil the completeness with which we will "do up" the revival. It is thirty years, nearly, since Audran's opera was first put on here, and with its revival we may expect the comic journals to make it thirty years funnier than they did in the September of 1881.

Even as early as 1791 New York had entered the arena for honours as En-

BERLIOZ

courager-Extraordinary of Opera, for in that year Purcell's *Tempest* was sung here. Instantly it was considered very funny, and, ever since, not a season passes that grand opera does not have to do penance to comic art. Even Mr. Hammerstein's hat figures prominently in the musical season. The caricaturist has hit upon it as an object, if of veneration to the new tenor hunting for a job, also of especial adaptability to the demands of comic art. Indeed, so great a revolution is taking place in grand opera in comic art that it threatens to be, henceforward, more a matter of millinery and hattery than of music and high C's.

Gardner Teall.

RICHARD WAGNER

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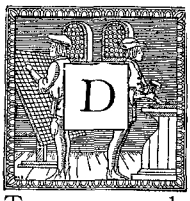
MODERN DUTCH LITERATURE*



URING the period of our acute international literary, or, at least, fictional, curiosity in the late eighties and early nineties of the last century, when Tolstoy, Turgenev and Dostoïevsky, Ibsen and Björnson, Sudermann, Daudet, Maupassant and Zola, Verga and Valdes, and others of the moderns too numerous to mention were hurried into more or less competent and discriminatingly bowdlerised translations, usually via the French tongue; when "literatures of the world" series were planned and launched, and the battle of the schools of fiction was on—in these piping eighty-nineties, the literary activities of the minor nationalities were not neglected by enthusiasts in search of new authors to translate and traduce, or by our publishers, ready to bring Finland, Greece, Bulgaria and the South American republics within the international family of fiction in English dress, if only they could present passable credentials. Even Turkey yielded a modern tale, if memory does not fail us; only Switzerland escaped. When the reaction of world-wide literary sterility set in, Japan, too, had been laid under contribution.

The direct and potent influence of this invasion on the technique and content of American fiction was perceptible from the very first; it is most strongly in evidence to-day in a freedom of choice and a frankness of treatment of certain subjects once tabooed, a freedom and frankness so great as to seem unjustifiable license to many of our critics.

The effect on the general American reading public of its introduction to the masters of modern European fiction has been, on the other hand, circuitous and hard to trace, for that public turned with cheerful readiness, with enthusiasm one may well say, from foreign realism and naturalism, first to the idealised Kailyard, and then to the domestic historical romance; from psychological subtleties to *David Harum;* from *crimes passionels* to the robust interests of tales of frenzied finance, political corruption, and the conquests of business—to its own immediate, material concerns. In fact, it behaved very much as if it were sincerely glad to be rid of the whole company of generally very undesirable, puzzling, complex alien heroes and heroines, and to be at home again in its fiction, among familiar surroundings and familiar people, with simple, straightforward temperamental processes like its own. The change that has come over it since then, manifesting itself in the greater degree of tolerance it now extends to, and the increased measure of interest it now takes in a freer, bolder treatment of the relations between men and women in our current novels will probably, in the ultimate analysis, be found to have taken its origin, not in the past influences of foreign writers, but in changes and developments in our own social life and organisation.

In neither this wider, popular influence, if it really should prove to be traceable, nor in the unmistakable technical influence of the foreign novelists on their American *confrères,* can modern Dutch literature claim a share, for the simple reason, first of all, that it went to school itself to these masters at about the same time as the American writers (the movement was not launched until 1883), but also because of the peculiar conditions that confronted its founders. It had to battle for the right to be heard at all, it had to tear down the old and lay new foundations before it could begin to build up: it was not an evolution, but a revolution.

By the end of the seventies of the nineteenth century, Dutch literature had sunk to a depth of insignificance and petrified formalism that beggared description. In a nation whose small numbers practically precluded professional authorship, on account of the insufficiency of the pecuniary rewards it could

*Toil of Men. By I. Querido. Translated from the Dutch by F. S. Arnold. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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offer, literature had become the avocation of the leisure classes, the by-product of university professors, teachers, lawyers and clergymen. The clergy, especially, found a novel or two, or a book of poems, properly didactic in matters religious, social and political, tending to teach the *bourgeoisie,* and through them the masses, their proper place, and benignly advising them to stay there with becoming humility in the greatest and best of all possible. Netherlands, the shortest route to preferment. This guild of dilettanti, cozily established in the seats of authority, opposed with all its power every disturbing attempt at an amelioration of this state of affairs. It was a formidable power, for the guild not only controlled the educational institutions, the press, and the literary and critical organs of the nation, but had, by reason of its respectability and proper regard and loyal advocacy of things as they were in the State, the full support of the ruling powers as well. Social unrest stalked abroad in Europe; not even its shadow must be allowed to fall upon the tranquil country, whose man in the street lived in blissful ignorance of what he lacked and foreigners were clamouring for. Reading maketh a full man, but oftener a hungry one, which means a dangerous one to the peace of mind of a ruling class that has reduced the division of the loaves and fishes to an exact science. Wherefore the literature of the people could not be too carefully watched and guided. The intellectuals of Holland in those days read only the foreign books that were so severely handled by the critical wing of the guild. The only great independent critic of the Netherlands of the sixties and seventies, Conrad Busken-Huet, contented himself from time to time with telling his countrymen how very far they lagged behind the rest of Europe.

The revolt that broke out in the early eighties was, therefore, not only a literary, but also a social movement, as the guardians of things as they were, which were still very much the things established by M. de Metternich, had foreseen and feared. The literary forces of conservatism found strong entrenchment and active aid behind social barriers: to be a leader of the new movement meant social ostracism. And, as always, Philistinism took the field against the very men who would widen its horizon.

The great forerunner of the enthusiastic literary revolutionaries of the early eighties, "Multatuli," an artistic and social firebrand and iconoclast, had been starved and driven into exile, but his successors, under the impetuous leadership of "Lodewyk van Deyssel" (Karel Alberdinyk Thym), refused to be intimidated, much less suppressed. They attacked in force, established organs of their own, carried the strongholds of superannuated literary traditions, threw wide their portals to the modern spirit from abroad, and ended by forcing the social opposition to surrender. It was a Homeric battle, whose trend fully revealed, also, its social significance, with the result that many of the ablest men and women of the new movement—novelists, poets, critics—saw a new light, took another step, and, deserting the propaganda of art for its own sake, took up that of socialism. Among them was Dr. Frederick van Eeden, one of the founders of the first organ of Young Holland, the *Nieuwe Gids.*

Nowhere else in the history of contemporary letters is this connection between socialism and art so clearly traceable as in the Netherlands (Russia cannot be taken into consideration here for obvious reasons); nowhere else, furthermore, has a literary movement ended in yielding such important local results, social and artistic, without adding anything to the international stock of ideas or of permanent literary possessions. There was an interchange of masters between France and Russia and Germany and Scandinavia, each giving as much as it took, but modern Dutch literature, learning from them all, has given nothing in return. It has been an echo, not a voice.

It has brought forth no name to place by the side of Tolstoy and Turgenev, of Ibsen, Sudermann and Hauptmann, Daudet, Zola and Maupassant, Hardy, Maeterlinck, or Bellamy even, or Valdes. Its poetry, by far its greatest artistic achievement, must remain a closed book to the world at large; its fiction, even at its best, lacks the world-wide note of the great novels of the period; and it has

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produced no critic of the rank of Brandes. Amazingly productive, it lacks a man of genius, a masterpiece, a new note in the criticism of life or the creation of art. Inspired in its beginnings by French naturalism in its prose, by Shelley and Keats and Wordsworth in its poetry, this young literature appears to have already passed the zenith of its independent flight. It is doubtful if hereafter it will yet produce its lacking man of genius, for one familiar with the history of Dutch letters cannot help reflecting that painting, not literature, is the true medium for the expression of the Dutch artistic temperament, as literature is the Anglo-Saxon's, not music. One other important service, besides setting free the spirit of modern progress, has this movement rendered to the Netherlands. It has made over, it has enriched and strengthened and made more flexible its mother tongue, under the guidance of its leader van Deyssel, a master of prose, who will maintain to the end that socialism is incompatible with art and beauty.

The tale of the English translations from this modern Dutch school is soon told: three novels by Louis Couperus, *Eline Vere, Footsteps of Fate,* and *Majesty;* and, only a few years ago, Dr. Frederick van Eeden's *The Quest.* To these may be added a fragment from "Multatuli," *Little Walter.* The count is completed with Heyermans's two plays, *The Ship Good Hope,* produced in this country by Ellen Terry, and *The Ghetto,* which failed in this city after successful production in different parts of Europe.

Couperus's first book is typical of the movement of which it is an offspring, perhaps the best example existent of the "sensitivism" of the Dutch novelists. Van Deyssel hailed it as a masterpiece on its first appearance, but, from the comparative point of view, it is little more than a book of a day, which has failed to survive the waning of the international literary "boom." It is a study of the symptoms—the moods—of an abnormal temperament, rather than of a character. Heavily touched with the gloom that is characteristic of so much of modern Dutch fiction, it is decidedly well worth reading for its charming pictures of family and social life at The Hague. *Footsteps of Fate,* Couperus's second novel to be translated into English, is unimportant; the third, *Majesty,* a romance of Russian royalty in the midst of its nameless dangers, might as well be the product of a French as of a Dutch pen. The finish of its workmanship is admirable, its scope impressively adequate to its subject. Dr. van Eeden's allegory, *The Quest,* was reviewed by the present writer in THE BOOKMAN for May, 1907.

"Multatuli," the ultimate inspiration of *les jeunes* of the Netherlands of the eighties, has won translation into the principal tongues of Europe, but he was a forerunner, not the offspring, of the school here under consideration. His *Little Walter* is a wondrously delicate bit of child psychology, the fulness of whose significance, truth and appeal must remain hidden from the foreign reader because of his unfamiliarity with Dutch life in the third quarter of the last century, when the old order still held sway.

To this brief list there is now added *Toil of Men,* by Querido, who is the literary critic of one of the great morning papers of Amsterdam. The book is not so much a novel as a connected series of realistic pictures of a community of market gardeners near the capital through the four seasons of the year. It is a sombre panorama of poverty and toil, of a losing battle with Nature under the handicap of rent and mortgage and taxes and sickness and oncoming age, the notables of the village being banded together in squeezing the peasant dry and ultimately robbing him of his bit of land under due process of law. Querido is an artist, for, if he have an ulterior motive, he never obtrudes it; the story itself must carry the poignant social message home. There is something appalling in the impersonality, the impassiveness of these veritistic pictures, set off as they are with unflinching design by the beastly orgies in which these toil-worn, ignorant, brutish creatures seek an evening's forgetfulness. Unrelieved gloom hovers over these pages as it hovers over most of the realism that deals with the peasant of Europe.

A. Schade Van Westrum.

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THE STORY OF ART IN AMERICA

BY ARTHUR HOEBER

PART I—THE DAYS OF EARLY STRUGGLE

HEN there is a new country to develop, savages to combat, the bare necessities of life to be dug out of the soil, there is not much time for thought of the fine arts. A shovel, a pickaxe, or a large bar of iron, are far more valuable articles than the finest canvas to the settler in an unknown country who must gain an existence as best he may. So, in the early Colonial days, art was the last consideration to the American with more serious problems confronting him. There were perhaps a few old family portraits which some of the emigrants had brought with them from Europe, but they were not many, and by no means calculated to awaken any art ambitions. Men and women are vain, however, and even in circumstances of dire distress they will expend money to gratify that vanity, and so, naturally, it was the portrait painter who first came on the scene. Generally he was one that had failed in Europe.

There were, however, sporadic instances of the limner here and there in America, even in the earliest times. We learn of one being in Massachusetts far back in the latter end of the seventeenth century, though his name has not been handed down to us. Cotton Mather relates how John Wilson could not be persuaded to have his portrait drawn, and this same Wilson died in 1667, which was pretty early to find an artist in America. There was a Scotchman named John Watson who came over here in 1715 and set up his easel in Perth Amboy, where he painted portraits and ideal pictures. But it is to John Smybert, again a Scotchman, born in Edinburgh, in 1684, that we must turn to as the first painter whose work is entitled to our serious consideration and who came to America in 1728, under the patronage of Bishop Berkeley. He settled here, marrying a rich woman and making Boston his home. He was a reasonably good painter —as painters went in those days, having studied at the private academy of Sir James Thornhill, in London. Thornhill was a protégé of Queen Anne, and his daughter was the wife of Hogarth, who said of his father-in-law "he was the greatest historical painter this country has ever produced," which was flattering, but far from the truth.

Smybert was a coach painter at first, as were quite a number of the early Americans who followed him. If you go to the Dining Hall at Yale University you will see his picture of Dean Berkeley and family, containing eight figures, the canvas blistered and in pretty poor condition, but it will still give you an idea of what was being done at that time, and you must recall that when Smybert arrived in America, Sir Joshua Reynolds was but five years old, and the brilliant coterie of Georgian painters had not yet begun to flourish. Smybert's were the best portraits we had here up to the time he died, and he painted such men as Jonathan Edwards and John Endicott, of Massachusetts, not to mention a score and a half of other worthies, prominent in the Colonies. Occasionally now, a portrait came over sea, by perhaps Lely, and a few young men, artistically inclined, saw it and were impressed, were influenced so that for a while the technique of the day suggested Continental, rather than English influences. In 1750, there came to Boston, from somewhere in Connecticut, one Jonathan Blackburn, and he remained in that city fifteen years, painting portraits. The Boston Museum has his likeness of Joshua Warner, but it is dry, hard, and one is not over-impressed by it.

It was with Copley and West that we must find the first really serious native work, for though neither was a genius, both had reasonable talent and were the pioneers in their own land. Yet, singularly enough, later, both chose to settle permanently in England, and to become

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identified with that land, though the former did not go there until he was forty years of age. John Singleton Copley was born in Boston, July 3, 1737, his father having been of an old Yorkshire family that had settled in Ireland. When Copley, Sr., died, his widow went into the tobacco trade and ten years later married a mezzotint engraver named Peter Pelham, an event which meant much to her young son John, to whom Pelham gave his first lessons in drawing, and the lad was precocious, at fourteen painting his stepfather's portrait. At sixteen, Copley did a most creditable likeness of a clergyman, William Welsteed, which he engraved himself though he shortly gave up work of that sort. Now he began a series of portraits of prominent people in Boston, and it was of him that Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, "To have had one's ancestor painted by Copley is an American patent of nobility." Copley painted these personages at times admirably, at others only indifferently, but always he was convincing, while occasionally he rose to pretty high flights. His canvases are the only documents of those days that we can really depend on to give us an intelligent idea of the people, their dress and their characteristics.

When Copley was nearly forty he went to England, which was in 1774, and there he had considerable success for a while, though toward the end of his career his vogue fell off and he did not long survive his loss of popularity, which in its time included the patronage of royalty itself. A son survived him and became Lord Chancellor, with the title of Lord Lyndhurst. Perhaps the very unevenness of Copley was one of his greatest charms. In point of fact no artist may always be at concert pitch, particularly he who practises portraiture, for there must be sitters who appeal more than others. Yet when he was obviously enamoured of a model, when the person caught his fancy, Copley could and did do a mightily handsome performance. His compatriot Benjamin West had been in London nine years when Copley arrived and was very kind to him, as, indeed, he was to all his brother painters, and he introduced him to important people, practically starting Copley in a social way in the English metropolis. West was not so good a painter, nor so artistic a man as Copley, but his career is one of the most picturesque of any that we shall have to record and it reads a good deal like a romance. He, too, was a boy wonder who was born in a little Pennsylvania settlement called Springfield, in 1738, so that he knew frontier life well. His people were English Quakers of good descent, and Benjamin was the youngest of the family. At six he drew rude sketches; at eight, some Indians, amused at drawings he showed them, taught him to prepare colours from earths as they themselves made them for their personal adornment, or for the war path. Finally, a box of water-colour paints was sent him, when his delight knew no bounds. At nine he painted a respectable landscape of the Delaware River, and there never was a moment when he was in any doubt as to the profession he should choose.

They tell a story of West's youth as showing his notions of the profession of the fine arts. A schoolmate, who was an ordinary sort of boy, passing him on horseback, invited him to get up behind him. "No," said West, "I sit behind no one." "Very well," said his friend in reply to this rather priggish remark, "get up in front." The youthful Benjamin did so and a conversation began. The boy, just apprenticed to a tailor, rather boasted of his plans and asked West what trade he meant to follow. "I am to be a painter," proudly responded West. "What trade is that?" asked the youth, "I never heard of it." "A painter," said West, "is the companion of Kings and Emperors." "But we have none of those things in America," said the tailor's apprentice. "There are plenty in other parts of the world," maintained West, "and," he continued, "you don't want to be a tailor, do you?" "Yes," answered the boy, in no wise abashed. "Then," said West, "in that case, you can ride alone," and he dismounted! At eighteen, West was established in Philadelphia as a portrait painter, receiving $12.50 for a head and $25.00 for a full length. A few years later he doubled these prices and, saving some money, was enabled to go to Italy, arriving in Rome in 1760.

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THE INTERPRETATION OF BELSHAZZAR'S DREAM. BY BENJAMIN WEST

In the Pittsburg Museum, to which it was presented by Mr. Z. Crane

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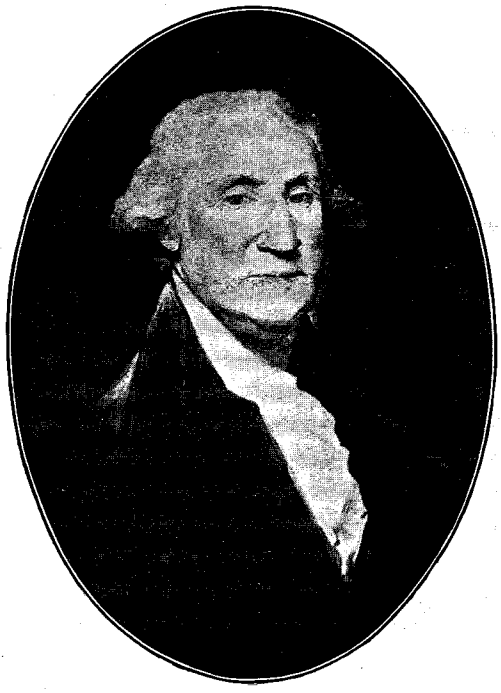

GEORGE WASHINGTON. BY GILBERT STUART

Owned by Mrs. Joseph Harrison

In Rome he remained three years, copying the old Masters and imbibing what is known as the classical style, a style that he never was able to rid himself of, alas! all his life. But to the Italians he was a novelty; he had come from a land little known, and in truth they were even surprised to find that he was of fair complexion, expecting him to have been some sort of wild, dark savage. He made a reputation in that land, where he was elected to be a member of several art academies, so that when he reached England he came with no little fame. Unfortunately, it was not a day of high demands in art. His studio in London, however, became the Mecca for all young Americans who came across the water. The phrase "he went to London and entered the studio of Benjamin West" is found in almost all the biographies of the American painters of his time. Archbishop Drummond introduced young West to George III, who immediately was impressed with his great canvases of classic themes, the one on his easel then being "Agrippa Landing with the Ashes of Germanicus," and his majesty gave him a commission on the spot. In England, as royalty goes, so goes the world, and West became the fashion. With an amazing fecundity he painted acres of canvas, turning out theme after theme, fairly to take one's breath away, and he had a royal stipend of a thousand pounds a year in addition to being paid for specific work. When Reynolds died, he was chosen to succeed him as President of the Royal Academy, which, indeed, he had helped to form.

Time, however, has not been as kind as it has been just to West. He was a shining example of the old saying that it is better to be born lucky than rich. All his life luck followed him. He came at a time when there were no rivals against whom he had to contend, when art was at a low ebb, when all the circumstances of his American birth and rude early experiences were distinctly in his favour. His manner and personality helped him greatly, and, of course, the immediate patronage of the king made all things possible. And yet, he was not without considerable talent. There are portraits by him extant that might well have been signed by men of much greater

JOHN ADAMS. BY GILBERT STUART

Owned by John Quincy Adams, great-grandson, Boston

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reputation, and no man was ever kindlier to his own profession, or generally more philanthropic than the American Quaker. Lord Byron once had a fling at him, writing

The dotard West,
Europe's worst daub, poor England's best.

One writer estimates the number of West's works at three thousand, while in regard to his sacred subjects, Allen Cunningham declared "the list makes one shudder at human presumption," and that "the coldness of West's imagination nipped the blossoms of history." In the permanent collection of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, there are his "Death on a Pale Horse" and his "Christ Rejected," which the catalogue claims is his best work. It certainly represents him. Many of his pictures are in Hampton Court, and the National Gallery of London possesses a few, but none of them rises to greatness.

Gilbert Stuart is altogether one of the most interesting figures in American art, as he is the most interesting of all our early painters, and he was throughout thoroughly artistic in temperament. After some early experiences in America, where

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. BY G. W. PEALE
Owned by Mrs. Joseph Harrison

JOHN ADAMS. BY C. W. PEALE
From the portrait in Independence Hall, Philadelphia

he was born near Newport in 1755, he became a pupil of West in London, and during the years that he was established in that metropolis he painted many important portraits of prominent people among the nobility and literary lights, the great Sir Joshua Reynolds favouring him with sittings, and he was held in high esteem. His best known portraits, however, are those of Washington, of whom he did many. Notable among these is that which is known as the "Athenæum" portrait now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, of which it is estimated he made no less than six replicas. It would really seem as if Stuart had discounted the appreciation of the ages and knew when he had a good thing. Indeed, George Washington was only less prominent as a sitter for the portrait painter than he was as a patriot, for the list of men who have painted him is a formidable one; but Stuart was far and away the best of them all, and his portrait is the best remembered when one thinks of the father of his country.

Stuart's father was a maker of snuff, which accounts perhaps for the painter's fondness for that article. Like his great

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confrère, Sir Joshua Reynolds, he was wont to punctuate his conversation with pinches from his box, and the linen of both was habitually sprinkled with the brown dust. If Stuart was successful in London from the first and made a lot of money, he spent it quite as fast, for he was a good deal of a Bohemian, went with the swell mob of his day, and held no thought of the morrow. He was a good deal of a gipsy in his wanderings. He went subsequently to Dublin, crossed the ocean and settled successively in Philadelphia, New York, Washington and Boston. It was his great admiration of General Washington that induced him to leave Great Britain, to do which he threw up important commissions. And he first limned the great patriot in Philadelphia, a canvas known as the "Vaughan" portrait, which created a sensation at the time and which now belongs to Mrs. Joseph Harrison, of Philadelphia. This was followed by a larger one, a commission from the Marquis of Lansdowne, which has ever since been known by that nobleman's name. It is in the possession of a Mr. Lewis, of London, and was sent to this country as a loan to the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, in 1876. Of all of these, however, Stuart made replicas. Another famous portrait of the First American, known as the Gibbs-Channing portrait,

ELIZABETH GRAY OTIS. BY J. S. COPLEY

Owned by Harrison Grey Otis

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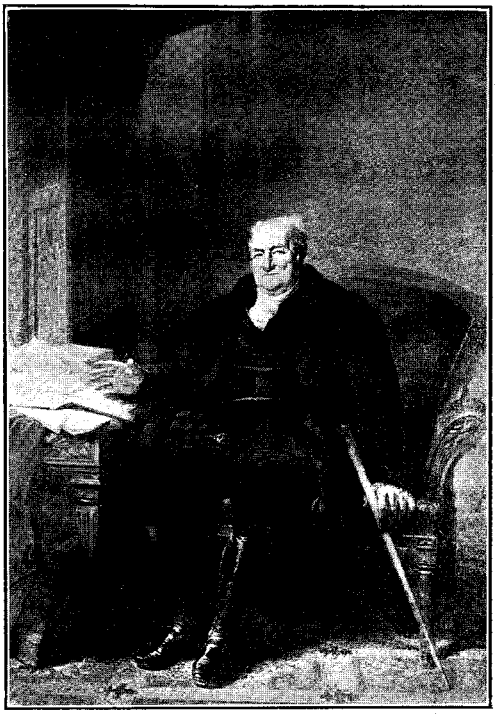
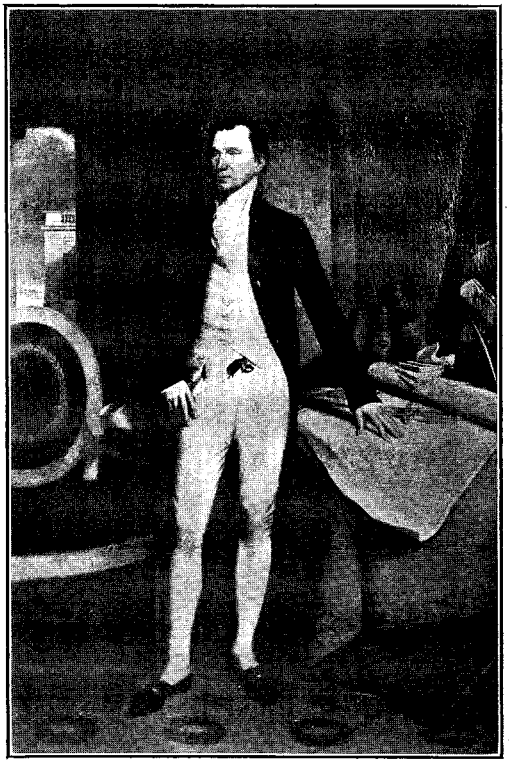
was painted in 1795 for Colonel George Gibbs. It was sold to his sister, Mrs. William Ellery Channing, and is now in possession of her son, Dr. Channing. Finally, there is the canvas known as the "Athenæum" portrait, formerly owned by the Boston Athenæum and now, as already stated, in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Stuart had lived in the great world of society, arts and letters. He was a fluent talker, always interesting, never at a loss for repartee or agreeable small chat. The importance of his sitters had never feazed him, for he was accustomed to the best of English social life, royalty even frequenting his London studio and posing for him. Justly taking a pride in his art, he held himself rightly as the peer of the best. It is amusing, therefore, to read of his experiences with Washington, who was a most formal person, taking life and himself with terrific seriousness. At any rate, all the little arts that Stuart had hitherto practised



ELIAS BOUDINOT. BY THOMAS SULLY
Owned by American Bible Society, New York.



JAMES MONROE. BY JOHN VANDERLYN
From the portrait in the City Hall, New York.

successfully on his sitters failed to work when the great patriot illumined his studio. It was his habit so to engross his patrons and make them forget the object of their visit to his studio that they became their true selves and so helped the artist to get at their real personality.

Washington, however, was different from the others, and although Stuart opened up his battery of anecdote, wit, gossip, the grand American was slow to thaw out. In truth, Washington was a man of few words himself and humour was not his strong point. On the subject of agriculture and military life he was fairly fluent, but it is to be presumed on these themes Stuart was by no means sympathetic. However, Stuart persevered, and finally his delightful manner and interesting talk had their effect, and Washington ended by becoming—for him—conversational. They tell a story of some eminent politician, dining once with John Adams, in whose house he saw a portrait of Washington. He remarked it was a good likeness. "Yes," said

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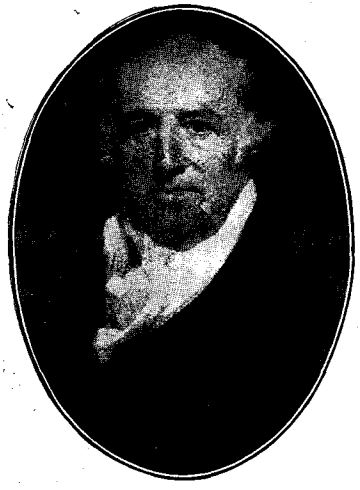
Adams, "good enough, and to think that that wooden-head made his fortune by keeping his mouth shut!" It is interesting to note that in all Stuart's portraits there was trouble with the mouth, for our first President's teeth had failed him and his jaws were sunken in; he had to wear false teeth, and the dentists of that day were but sorry bunglers.

Stuart was scarcely less accomplished as a musician than as a painter. Indeed, he was an all around genius, though anything but worldly wise. He had a success that few men have attained in any country, and his sitters included the best people of his day, but he was singularly indifferent in a business way and, after



RICHARD VARICK. BY HENRY INMAN

Owned by Richard Varick De Witt, Albany, N. Y.

starting a picture, if his sitter failed to inspire him, that was the end of it. He would throw the canvas aside and nothing could induce him to complete it. Nor did the position of his patron ever in the slightest degree awe him. A doctor came to him on one occasion attired in new and elaborate garments specially arranged for the portrait and Stuart was disgusted. He engaged the man in conversation, and time passed without his making any suggestion as to pose or work. Finally the man said: "Mr. Stuart, this is very entertaining, but you must be aware that my time is very precious and I feel very uncomfortable."

"Do you?" responded the artist. "So do I, and I have ever since you came in the studio."

"Why?" asked the physician.

"Because," said Stuart, "you look like a fool. If you will disarrange that fixed-up costume I will paint you." It is recorded that the man, seeing the justice of the remark, shoved his hand through his hair, loosened his collar, and generally made himself comfortable and natural, so that the picture proceeded admirably. Still another story is told of Stuart. His outbursts were known and dreaded. An admiring husband complained that the portrait of his wife, who was undeniably plain, was not beautiful enough. Stuart lost his patience and shouted out: "What damned business is this of a portrait painter. You bring him a potato and you expect him to make you a peach."

Stuart was a fine colourist, a good draughtsman and a master of his craft. In his day the standard of portraiture may be said to have been set by Reynolds, some of whose manners and qualities Stuart inbibed, though he always retained his own sturdy, vigorous personality, which is, after all, the principal charm of every man's canvases. He died in 1828, at the age of seventy-two, and though all through his life he had been a wonderful money maker, he left his family entirely unprovided for at his death.

The Peale family cut a considerable figure in the early history of American art, both the father, Charles Willson, and the son Rembrandt having painted portraits of Washington and other notable Americans. There were many children born to Charles Willson Peale, to whom he gave names distinguished in art—Raphael, Angelica Kauffman, Rembrandt, Rubens and Titian, though but two of them became prominent in that profession. The father was a genius in his way and had a mechanical turn of mind. He was born in 1741, in Maryland, and was successively coach maker, clockmaker and silversmith. Finally, painting attracted him and he became one of West's pupils in London. He returned to take part in the War of the Revolution, in which he became a captain of volunteers, being present at the

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battles of Trenton and Germantown under Washington. He also represented Philadelphia in the Pennsylvania legislature and finally, becoming interested in the bones of a mastodon, he formed a museum and lectured on natural history. Lastly, he was instrumental in founding the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. At that institution there is a large portrait of himself which he painted at the age of eighty-three, and while open to criticism, the head is a pretty serious and solid performance of which no artist would be ashamed. The son Rembrandt was also a pupil of West in London. A portrait of Washington that he did from memory is now in the Capital at Washington and an enormous allegory, "The Court of Death," that he painted was exhibited all over the country at enormous profits, it was said to have brought him in nearly $9,000 in a single year, and is now in the Detroit Art Gallery. He lived until 1860 and he, too, was an inventive genius, for it was Rembrandt Peale who introduced illuminating gas into Baltimore. He wrote as well, but he was not as good a painter as his father.

MAJOR JACOB MORTON. BY J. W. JARVIS
In the Governor's Room, City Hall, New York

LADY TEMPLE. BY J. S. COPLEY, 1765
Owned by Winthrop Tappan, Washington, D. C.

John Trumbull was twenty years older than Rembrandt Peale, and his father, Jonathan Trumbull, was Colonial governor of Connecticut, and it was to him that Washington referred as "Brother Jonathan," a title which has since become a national personification. The painter graduated from Harvard College, was appointed colonel in the Continental Army at the age of twenty, but he resigned as the result of a quarrel about the date of his commission, and so he resumed the study of art previously begun. He went to London and entered West's studio, where he was later to paint his picture of the "Battle of Bunker Hill," which fight he had seen. He was Secretary of Legation for a while to John Jay in London, and he was made one of the commissioners to settle claims brought about by the war. Indeed, he had many experiences, including that of being imprisoned by the British in London after the arrest and execution of André. In his old age, childless and of great irritability of temper, he was a somewhat sad figure and he was but a feeble imitation of his master West. Friends secured for him commissions to

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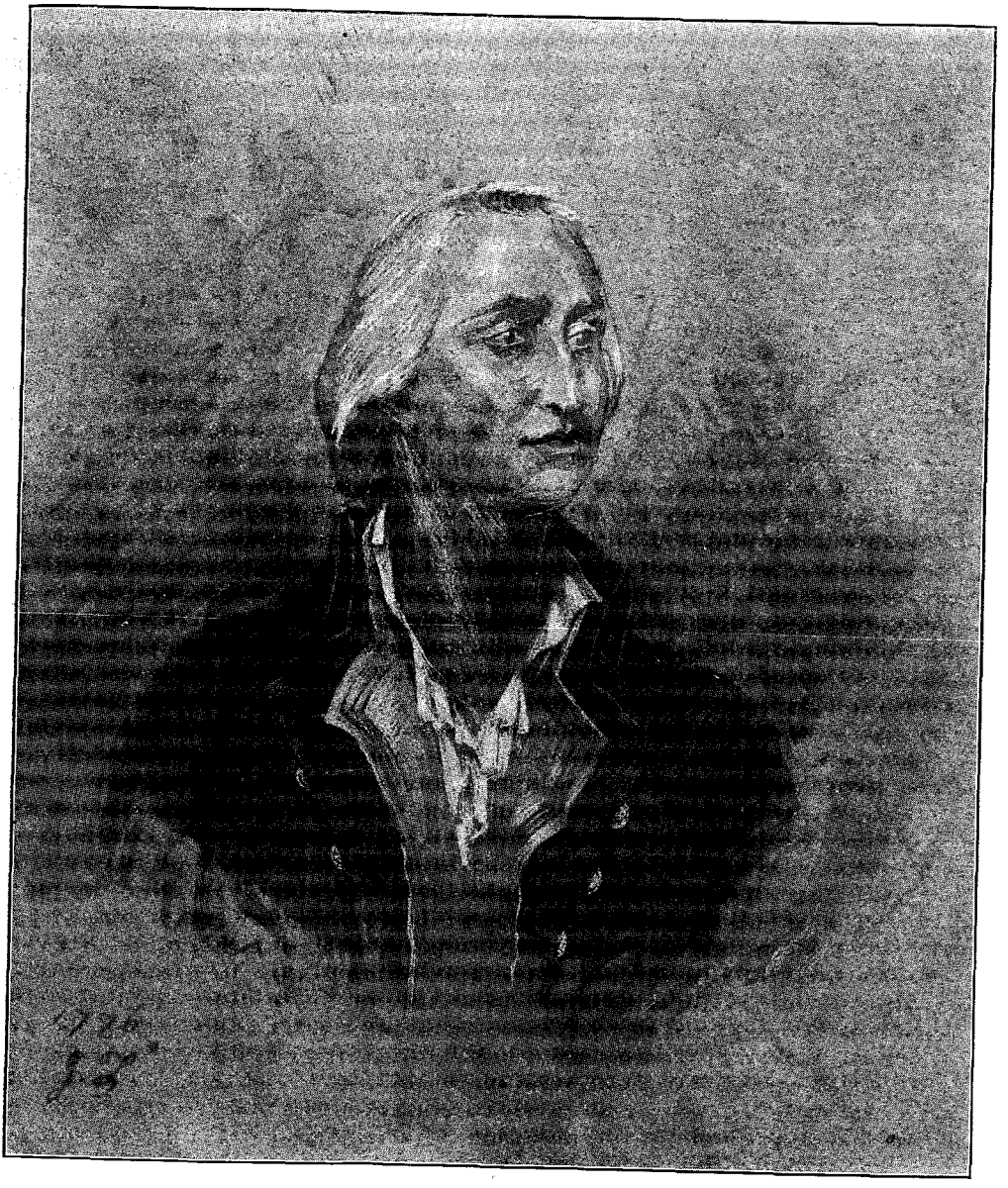
paint a series of commemorative pictures for the National Capitol. Finally, he received a life annuity from Yale College, bequeathing, as a condition, his pictures to that institution.

One of the most entertaining and unique characters in the art of the early nineteenth century was John Wesley Jarvis, who was born at South Fields on the Tyne, in England, in 1780, but who was brought to this country at the age of five and taken to Philadelphia. If his early years were spent in that city, it could not be charged that there was ever



GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON. FROM A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED SKETCH. IN WATER COLOR BY JOHN TRUMBULL. IN POSSESSION OF THE WRITER

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anything slow about him. He was in a way the Whistler of his day for excentricity, and in truth, he was a very fair painter for his time. Early he was apprenticed to Savage, the engraver, and he came with him to New York when that worthy changed his residence. But he never had much use for Savage. "He taught me very little," he was wont to remark, "and when it came to drawing well, then, of course, I could teach him!" At that time they had rooms on Park Row, but Jarvis soon moved to Broadway, opposite the City Hotel. He managed to get some lessons from Malbone, the miniature painter, meanwhile having invented a machine for mechanically drawing profiles on glass—one of the fads of the time. In this Broadway situation he painted portraits at five dollars each—on bristol board, so Dunlap, the art historian, informs us.

Jarvis was a Bohemian of the Bohemians, and if the truth must be told, a dissolute man who took no heed of the future, leading his family a merry dance. It is related of him that on one occasion, when he was off on one of his periodical sprees, he saw a handsome youngster playing in the street, and the beauty of the lad attracted him. "What's your name, my lad?" he asked. "John," responded the boy. "So is mine," said Jarvis. "What is your other name?" "Wesley," again responded the child. "Why, so is mine," said Jarvis; "now, speak up, what is your last name?" "Jarvis," said the boy. This staggered Jarvis, who asked, "Who's your father?" to which the child said, "Jarvis, the painter, sir, and mother says he is a very bad man!" Jarvis always appeared in some bizarre costume, affecting a great fur overcoat in a day when such garments were rarely worn, and he was generally accompanied by two immense Danish hounds! So it may be imagined he cut a considerable figure in the streets of the staid New York of 1800!

He went frequently to Baltimore, where he had great success painting portraits, commissions rolling in, and later, he went to New Orleans, where in six months he brought back three thousand dollars, having spent as much more in riotous living there, and six thousand dollars in those days, made in half a year, was little short of phenomenal. At one time Inman was associated with him as assistant. Jarvis would have as many as six sitters a day. He would paint an hour on the face and dismiss the client, when Inman would take the canvas and work on the draperies and background: thus the portrait would be completed in a week! But he always lived high, and was very fond of entertaining his friends at dinners, when he would have the very best the markets afforded, along with the finest wines, even though he frequently lacked plates and tumblers. It is related that on one occasion being short of a drinking vessel, he called to his servant, "Throw the soap out of my shaving-cup and fill it with wine for Mr. So and So.

He wandered all about the city in quest for quarters wherein to paint, having studios in Murray Street, Wall Street, and finally at Bowling Green in the house built for the President of the United States and subsequently occupied by Governor George Clinton, the lower part of the mansion being the then Custom House. Always there were the carouses, the bibbling, the grand dinners, and the boisterous fun. Pulling chairs from under sitters was his favourite form of jesting. Finally, his habits drove away his wife, and in 1834 he became a paralytic, fit ending for such a career of dissipation. Among his chums at New Orleans, whither he continued to go, was the famous actor Hill, identified with Yankee characters.

(To be continued)

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SOME LETTERS

January 10, 1910.

I have been laid up for a week with illness or I should sooner have responded to your note of December 31st.

I heartily congratulate THE BOOKMAN on its Fifteenth Anniversary. This does not mark a long period, as measured by years, but a decade now is, for advance, what formerly a century counted. The time of THE BOOKMAN's existence has been long enough to illustrate its high aims and their successful attainment, through qualities and values that have given it a foremost place in literary journalism, both for its judicious exposition and for its wise and independent criticism of current literature. It is saying the best of it to say that it does ample credit to its distinguished publishers.

Wishing it for the future the success it eminently deserves,

Yours sincerely,

H. M. ALDEN.

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

January 3, 1910.

It is indeed cause for satisfaction—this Fifteenth Anniversary of THE BOOKMAN. We offer you and your associates the heartiest congratulations. And not only are congratulations due to you, but the entire book-world of America has reason for self-congratulation in your long life and prosperity.

We rejoice in the success of a magazine which answers, without gossiping or triviality, the public's proper interest in news about books and the people who write them, which supplies acute and impartial criticism of new publications and affords fresh light on old classics, and which preserves a monthly measure of the relative popularity and commercial appeal of current fiction.

With best wishes for the New Year, believe me

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM C. BOBBS.

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133 EAST SIXTEENTH STREET

NEW YORK

January 3, 1910.

When I wrote a "fly" note to and about my dear old friend Growell several years ago and found it printed last week as a tribute at the time of his death I decided that I should put my pen away for good.

Therefore I can only say that I wish you all success in the serious and effective work you are doing.

Very truly yours,

F. N. DOUBLEDAY.

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E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

January 10, 1910.

Let me congratulate THE BOOKMAN on its Fifteenth Anniversary. It has always commanded attention—and seems to me to have accomplished a difficult task in treating current publications with tact and judgment. I certainly wish you all success.

Sincerely yours,
GEORGE D. DUTTON.

6427 GREENWOOD AVENUE
CHICAGO

January 4, 1910.

I congratulate you on the singularly prosperous career of THE BOOKMAN. It has proven itself a valuable aid to the literary men and women of America. I send cordial good wishes for an increasing authority and a higher degree of success.

Very sincerely yours,
HAMLIN GARLAND.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

January 4, 1910.

I should have thought THE BOOKMAN had been with us much longer than fifteen years. It has become so much an institution since 1895, that it seems as if it must have been in existence since time began. Yet I well remember its modest beginning as an offshoot of the London monthly of the same name, and have seen its rapid growth in independence, size and influence. May it soon come fifty years of age, and demonstrate that a periodical purely literary, or nearly so, can actually survive and thrive in the hurly-burly of American life.

Faithfully yours,
JOSEPH B. GILDER.

ONE WEST MAIN STREET
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

January 3, 1910.

It gives me pleasure to congratulate THE BOOKMAN on its Fifteenth Anniversary, and to express my appreciation of the service it has rendered to literary journalism. May you round out the half century as successfully.

Very sincerely yours,
ELLEN GLASGOW.

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211 BAY STATE ROAD
BOSTON

January 3, 1910.

My hearty congratulations, dear BOOKMAN, on your fifteenth birthday. So youthful, and yet so indispensable—especially to the "best seller." May you long continue to crown him (or her) with laurel in your monthly compendium of sales and praise or mangle him, according to the humour of the reviewer, in your fearless department of impartial criticism. For years to come may we continue to gaze on the features of budding genius hot from the photographer, and on those of the veteran, more subtly but no less deliberately flashed upon us under the guise of "an unconventional portrait." O pleasant and serviceable guide through the prairies of contemporary fiction, O advertiser of the advertised and staunch ally of the industrial author, yet honest and keen in your convictions, may you live to be a hundred and die a plutocrat, like one of your own best sellers.

ROBERT GRANT.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

January 5, 1910.

So THE BOOKMAN is fifteen years old. I should have said it was fifty. That, I suspect, is because I have read more numbers of it than of others that have lived longer. It takes a good deal of time nowadays to read all of the magazines printed; so, like most people, I imagine, I only look through the large, strident majority and turn for benefit and satisfaction to the few that are edited. One of these is THE BOOKMAN. Its general excellence merits commendation, of course, but what I like most about THE BOOKMAN is its occasional spasm.

It seems quite human at times, perhaps at all times; anyhow, it never seems to breathe smug consciousness of being conducted by divine appointment. Hence the relief it affords bewildered sinners. Possibly that is why I like it. But there must be other reasons, and for whatever they may be I heartily wish THE BOOKMAN and all its folks long life and good fortune.

Very sincerely yours,
GEORGE HARVEY.

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34 WEST THIRTY-THIRD STREET
NEW YORK.

January 7, 1910.

In reply to your recent invitation for an expression of my opinion regarding THE BOOKMAN'S work during its fifteen years, I am glad to say that I know no periodical in the United States that does more to foster an interest in real books as distinguished from catch-penny ones.

The fact of THE BOOKMAN'S circulation being small compared with that of many other well-known magazines, makes it relatively more valuable to us, as we feel that practically every copy of it

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goes to readers who are in sympathy with books of the quality we try to attain, and that no copy is wasted upon readers we may not hope to reach.

We have regretted to see the increasing neglect of books in some periodicals, and rejoice that by far the greater part of THE BOOKMAN continues to be devoted to the best literature.

May you long continue your good work!

Faithfully yours,
HENRY HOLT.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

January 4, 1910.

I thank you for reminding me of the Fifteenth Anniversary of THE BOOKMAN, and I send you my hearty good wishes for its continued success as critic and stimulant of literature. We have too few purely literary journals in proportion to the very large interest in books (if not in literature) in this country.

Sincerely yours,
R. U. JOHNSON.

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62 CEDAR STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

THE BOOKMAN deserves more than fifteen years. It deserves life. I sincerely trust that a hundred, nay, a thousand years hence, the world will see fit to repeat this brief but significant sentence. THE BOOKMAN has killed time. It has robbed us of false ideals, some of which were dear to us. It has destroyed our prejudices. It has been the veriest thief in the night, stealing long hours of lamp-light when the fire burns low and we are loath to retire because of the presence in the house of a creature which robs while we are watching it with both eyes.

For these sins, THE BOOKMAN should not be allowed to die, but be kept alive to serve time forever more.

Yours, most faithfully,
January 4, 1910. GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON.

THE BOOKMAN is certainly entitled to light fifteen candles of high power on its table, and I beg that when the birthday cake is cut a small piece may be put aside for the undersigned Hoosier friend, who has thrust his paper knife into the magazine with confidence every month from the beginning of its existence. No other American literary journal has ever printed book news so attractively. It constantly answers those questions that are forever occurring to bookish folk, as to the personal appearance, the habits and previous condition of servitude of authors, and its criticisms have always struck me as eminently just, even when, at times, I have felt the sharp pricking of its stiletto in my own hide. THE BOOKMAN's high standards do honour to American literature, and I wish it long life and continued prosperity.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

INDIANAPOLIS, January 4, 1910.

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THE WORLD'S WORK

WALTER H. PAGE, EDITOR

January 4, 1910.

The first thought that occurs to me in connection with the Fifteenth Anniversary of THE BOOKMAN is a thought of James MacArthur. I saw a good deal of him during the first years of the magazine, and his enthusiastic work in its early days commanded my hearty admiration. The man who struggles with a magazine during the time that it is getting its first foothold deserves long remembrance by all its readers.

Along with my congratulations I send my heartiest good wishes for the future of THE BOOKMAN, and for your future.

Sincerely yours,

WALTER H. PAGE.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

January 8, 1910.

It certainly does not seem fifteen years since James MacArthur (of friendly memory) talked to me in his Scots tongue about the plan of starting THE BOOKMAN—a magazine that should be for America what Dr. Nicol's successful periodical was for England. And when I read your magazine from month to month, I see no evidence of age. It is perpetually youthful and lively in spirit, justly tempered with sense and authority. As each quindecade rolls around, may THE BOOKMAN find itself as alert, important, and tolerant as now, yet standing always for sound standards of literary judgment.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN S. PHILLIPS.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

January 5, 1910.

A conversation is reported of two French friends who met each other in 1794 after a separation of four or five years. A. inquires, "And what have you been doing during these past years?" *"Moi,"* replies B., *"j'ai vécu."*

It was a fair matter of congratulation to any good citizen of France that he had been able, during those "strenuous" years, simply to go on living. I can but think that a similar congratulation may fairly be extended to the editor and to the publishers of a periodical which has during a term not of five, but of fifteen,

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years maintained a high literary standard, and which has been able during those years to render distinctive service to all who have to do with literature—authors, publishers and readers. It would certainly be very satisfactory for the interests of the two first of these divisions if the circle of consumers of the best literature were only larger. Such information, criticism, and suggestions as are given in a journal like THE BOOKMAN must assuredly have the right kind of influence in extending the circle of the buyers of the books, and in so doing further the fortunes of the producers of those books, the authors and the publishers, and at the same time further the enlightenment of the community.

With best wishes for the continued success of THE BOOKMAN, I am,

Yours faithfully,

GEO. HAVEN PUTNAM.

THE CENTURY CO.

January 5, 1910.

I am prompted by the announcement of your Fifteenth Anniversary to send you and your publishers my most hearty congratulations.

During all these years I have learned to look to THE BOOKMAN not only for valuable information about the "best sellers," but for most interesting news and comment about books and authors in general, which I fail to find in any other periodical.

Please accept my best wishes for your continued prosperity.

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

FRANK H. SCOTT.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

January 3, 1910.

I am glad to hear that THE BOOKMAN is to celebrate its Fifteenth birthday. There is too much puffery in the world of books not to be grateful for any critical journal which exists for other than advertising purposes. But besides this one must thank THE BOOKMAN for its pleasant friendly guidance to books and authors, that month after month shows no sign of lessening interest nor indiscriminate comment. I sincerely hope THE BOOKMAN may live to celebrate an indefinite number of birthdays and always be young and vigorous enough to enjoy them.

Yours sincerely,

ELLERY SEDGWICK.

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FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

January 10, 1910.

My hearty congratulations on the anniversary of THE BOOKMAN.

The magazine has given fifteen years of admirable service to publishers, booksellers, librarians and the public. May the record be continued for many years to come.

It is especially creditable to the publishers and editors of the magazine that they are willing to devote their ability, experience and time to a venture which, in the present condition of the American book world, can hardly be expected to bring adequate financial returns.

With my best wishes for the magazine and for you personally, I remain,

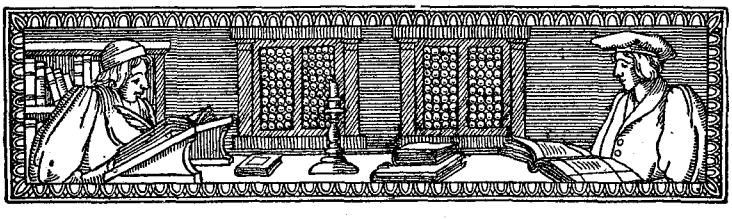
Cordially yours,
FREDERICK A. STOKES.

MOFFAT, YARD & COMPANY

January 5, 1910.

I congratulate you on your Fifteenth Anniversary.

Sincerely yours,
ROBERT S. YARD.



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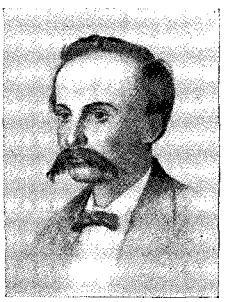
J. M. BARRIE

AUSTIN DOBSON

R. L. STEVENSON



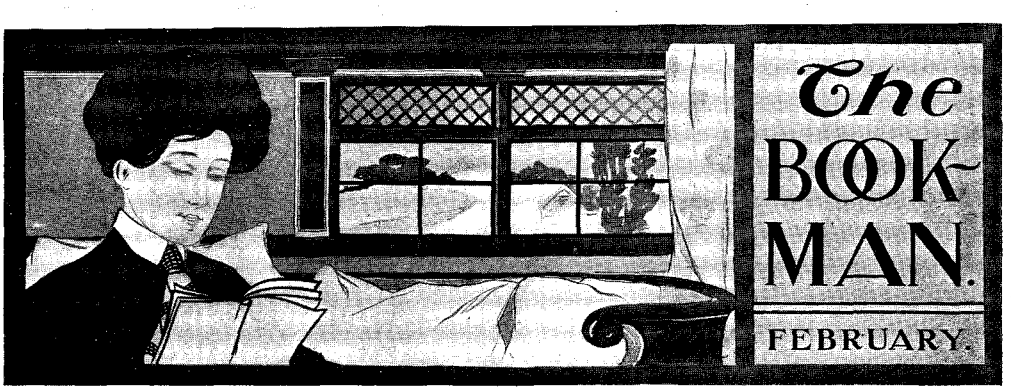
THEODORE WATTS DUNTON

AMONG "THE BOOKMAN'S" CONTRIRUTORS

THEN AND NOW

FIFTEEN years—that is, a decade and a half—cannot seem a long period in the history of literature. Nevertheless, when we look back to February, 1895, when the first number of this magazine saw the light, and when we take into account the changes that have occurred since then, those fifteen years seem to have been full of meaning. Just what this meaning is we may venture to consider; but in order to understand it, we must first think of conditions and tastes as we observed them at the time.

Since all literature is affected by the environment of its writers, let us recall the extraordinary transformation which has taken place in our own country and in the world at large since then. Fifteen years are nothing; and yet it gives one a shock of surprise to remember that fifteen years ago the United States was still an isolated nation with what Kipling, at that very moment, called "an easy unswept hearth." It was governed by the only Democratic President who, in half a century, has held the Chief Magistracy of the nation. The United States had been living through hard times for at least ten years. It had been saving and paying off its debts. Even in its greatest cities, things were done in rather a small way. The Spanish War had not yet been fought. We had no colonial possessions. Our navy was one of promise only. We were not called upon to arbitrate the disputes of foreign powers. The remarkable prosperity of the last



POSTERS OF THE PAST

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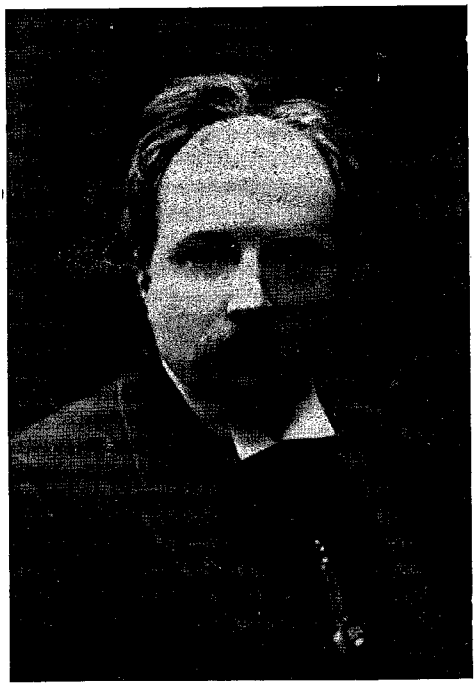
THE LATE IAN MACLAREN IN 1895

few years had not even begun to cast a golden gleam before the vision of Americans. Just one significant thing had happened. President Cleveland had launched his thunderbolt at Great Britain over the Venezuelan question; and he had done so because he knew that our Republic could rise to any possible emergency and face the greatest naval power in the world without a tremor. There was something in that bold action which ran like an electric spark through all Americans, and sent a thrill through Europe also. It was the forerunner of many things which have since entirely transformed our country. But at the time, there were wrangling and dissension. The silver question was looming up in a very ominous fashion, even though the name of Mr. Bryan was still practically unknown. To sum it up quite briefly, 1895 was a year which we can now see was a year of germination. The influences which were then at work were destined soon to make themselves apparent. The nation was about to gird up its loins, to feel the impulse of its own almost illimitable power, and to take its rightful place as a leader in the immediate future of the world.

If we look at these fifteen years from the standpoint of the literary analyst, they show us a number of shifting movements which are in themselves no less significant. The necrology of that period calls up a host of memories. Only a short time before, Tennyson had died, and Robert Louis Stevenson had died, and Maupassant, in a madhouse, had ended his remarkable career. During the decade and a half which is under consideration, Zola has gone, and Ibsen, and Swinburne, and Meredith. There is much suggestion in the names of less important writers who have likewise departed—Ian Maclaren, John Oliver Hobbes, William Black, George Gissing, Frank Norris, Mrs. Stowe, Harold Frederic, Charles Dudley Warner, Lafcadio Hearn, Paul Leicester Ford, E. N. Westcott, Henry Harland, R. V. Risley, and Stephen Crane. All these names suggest literary motives and tendencies that are very interesting to students of contemporary letters. Not less so are the names of some who are still living even though a few of them have ceased to write—Max Nordau, for example, Thomas Hardy,



W. ROBERTSON (NOW SIR WILLIAM) NICOLL, THE FIRST AND PRESENT EDITOR OF THE ENGLISH "BOOKMAN"

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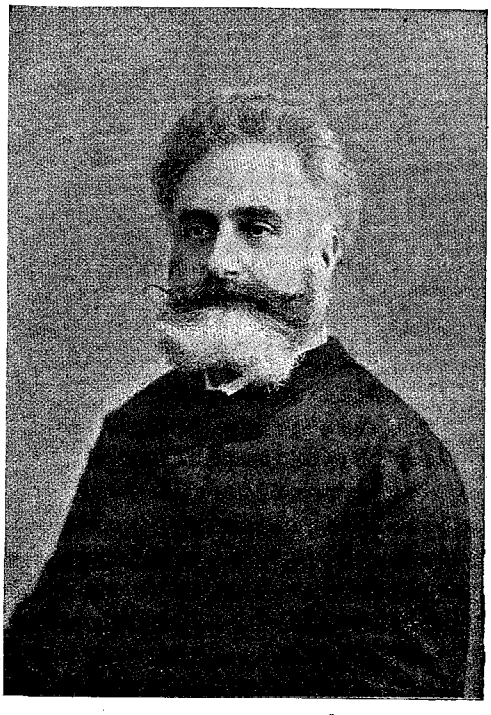
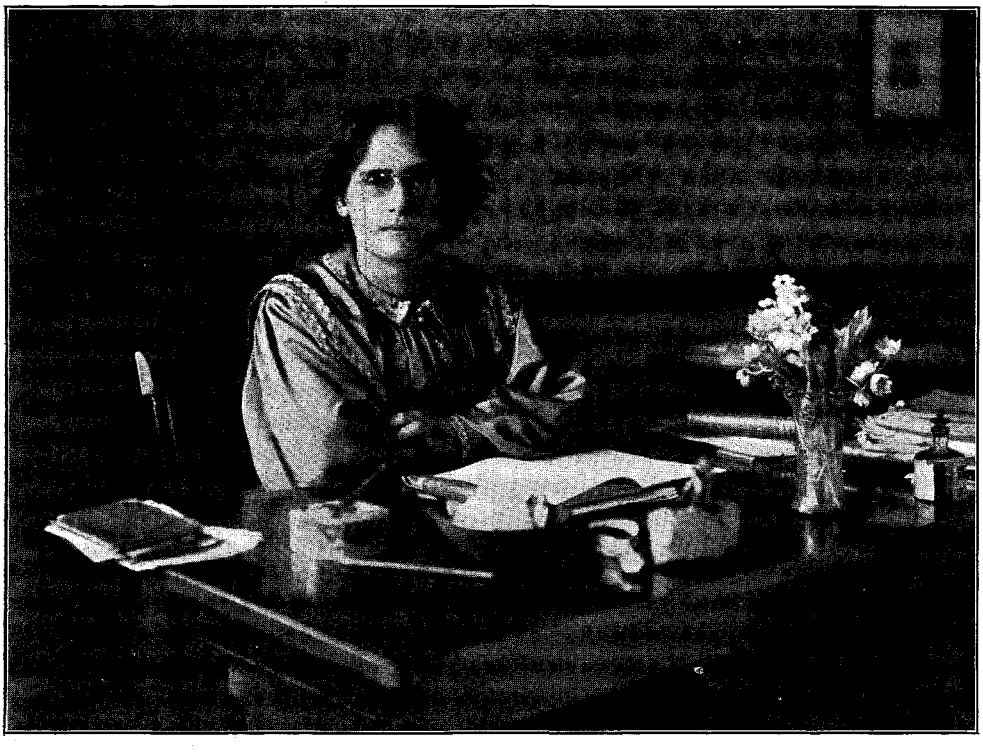
MARCEL PRÉVOST



MAX NORDAU



BEATRICE HARRADEN IN 1895

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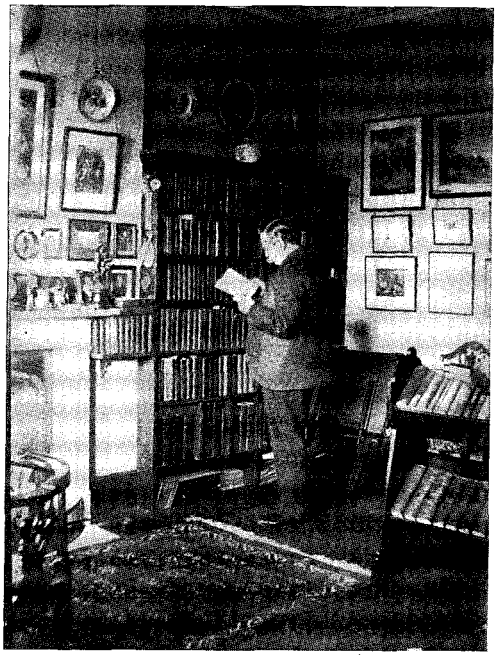

AUSTIN DOBSON IN 1895

Marcel Prévost, George Moore, James Lane Allen, Richard Harding Davis, Hall Caine, Charles Major, and Hamlin Garland—all of whom, with others like them, gained the serious attention of the public during these fifteen years.

From 1870 until 1895—a full quarter of a century—literature in America, and in England also, was being subjected to many impulses. Perhaps the most important influence of all was that which came from France. The Middle Victorian writers were creeping timidly along, imitating for the most part their predecessors; while in the United States very little was written that showed either originality or anything like genius. Second-rate English novels like those by "the Duchess" had an enormous circulation, and the pathetic efforts of Mrs. Stowe's later years were supposed to possess great merit. Thomas Hardy almost alone put forth powerful, acrid, fatalistic masterpieces, which at the time were not very widely read.

A tremendous shock was given when the naturalism of Zola and the fine psychology of Bourget began to make their way in English versions to Anglo-Saxon readers. Their importance was not recognised at first. This fact is seen by their appearance in paper-covered volumes only. For a time they were sniggered over surreptitiously because of their supposed indecency, and then they were thrown away or burned. The intensity of their power, their frank, unsparing truthfulness, the almost scientific precision of their methods, were not rightly understood. Nevertheless, these masterpieces blazed with such a fiery glow as to compel attention; and then little by little their methods were taken up by those who wrote in English. Some of their imitators, like George Moore and Edgar Saltus, reproduced the naturalism of the French unsparingly; and they paid the penalty for prematurely offending what was then the English and American sense of propriety. Moore's *A Modern Lover* and *A Mummer's Wife* appeared in England as early as

IBSEN

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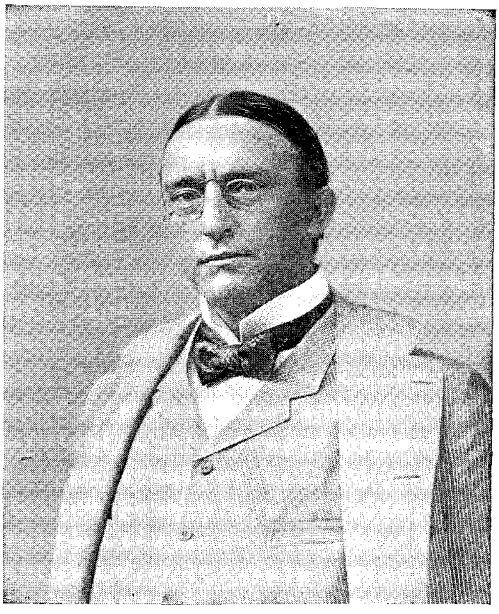
H. H. BOYESEN



EDWARD W. TOWNSEND IN 1895

THE LATE PAUL LEICESTER FORD IN 1896

CHARLES MAJOR AT THE TIME OF THE PUBLICATION OF "WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER"

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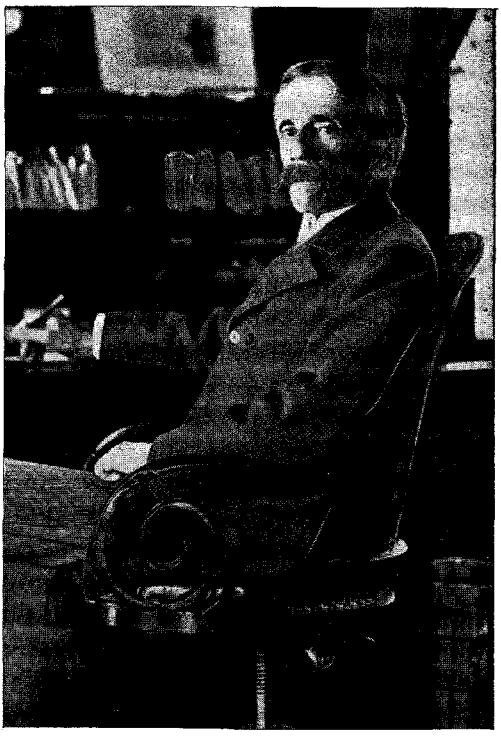
FIRST PORTRAIT OF EDITH WHARTON PUBLISHED IN "THE BOOKMAN"

1883-4. They were promptly excluded from most British bookshops, and they were not reprinted in America at all. Only in 1894 did *Esther Waters* become known on this side of the Atlantic. The book is one of the poorest that George Moore ever wrote; and yet its vogue showed that a change of taste and a greater tolerance had been gradually developing in the preceding decade. Readers of *Esther Waters* began to ask themselves, "Who is George Moore?" and the present writer takes some credit to himself for having given an account, in one of the earliest numbers of THE BOOKMAN, of this remarkable Anglo-Celt and of his older and far better books, including those already mentioned, together with *A Drama in Muslin* and *The Confessions of a Young Man.* But even so, Moore's writings proved too strong for the majority of readers. It is doubtful to-day whether a copy of *Mike Fletcher* can be procured at any bookshop in the United States, although that story, despite its unattractive title, is one of the most searching pieces of analysis that bear the author's name.

But very soon there arose other writers who saw that realism could be clean and even cheerful. The extraordinary success of George du Maurier's *Trilby* is to be explained because of its easy, accurate delineation of Bohemian life, while containing nothing to offend a reasonable critic. When THE BOOKMAN was first established, George du Maurier was probably the most popular English writer of the day. *Trilby* was dramatised and parodied and discussed all over the English-speaking world. Pretty feet were slangily described as "trilbys"; and the name "Trilby" was attached to new brands of cigars, of confectionery, and of everything for which the advertiser sought a ready sale. Of course, the interest of the book was heightened by the fact that in its serial form Du Maurier had burlesqued Whistler as Joe Sibley, while Whistler had in turn threatened legal proceedings to have this part of the tale eliminated when it appeared as a book. The American publishers of *Trilby,* surprised and delighted by the novel's enormous sale, are said to have voluntarily given the author fifty thousand dollars over and above the sum which they had agreed to pay him. The present writer was impressed by the vi-



THE LATE FRANK R. STOCKTON

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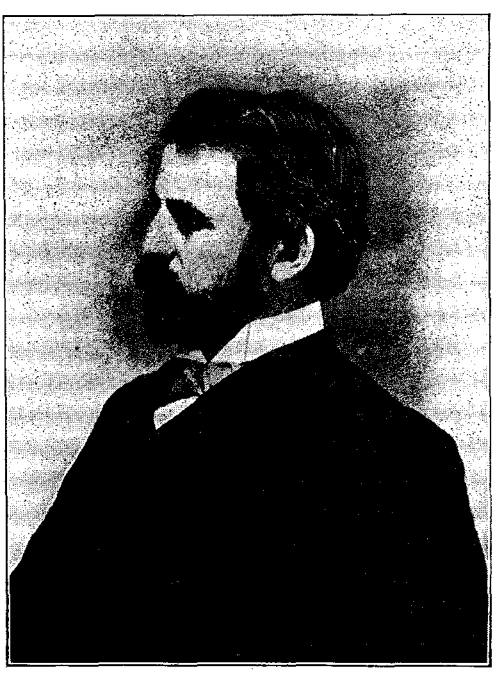
HALL CAINE IN 1876

tality of *Trilby* when, only a few weeks ago, in the theatre of a small inland city, he found a parody of the tale received with great enthusiasm by an audience which recognised and cheered the mesmeric efforts of Svengali and the capering of the girl who cried "Milk below!"

A close imitator of the French naturalistic school was Frank Norris, who in *McTeague* and later in *The Octopus* and *The Pit* applied the realistic formula to American conditions though with no great genius. A much richer vein was worked by those new writers who abjured the Gallic flavour and gave their realism a purely American form. The enormous success of *David Harum,* a book charming in its simplicity and homeliness, turned the tide of popular approval toward pictures of unsophisticated country life. It is said that some six hundred thousand copies of this book were sold within two years of its publication; and exceptional favour was given to novels of the same sort. These were the golden years of the so-called "book boom," when a sale of less than one hundred thousand copies of a new book was regarded as little better than a failure. For several years great sales continued, and many persons have since sought for an explanation of the phenomenon. Probably the chief reason is to be found in the increasing prosperity of the people which at first expressed itself in book-buying and in book-reading. Something must be set down also to the ingenuity of publishers in advertising. It was not in itself a very helpful form of stimulation to spend thousands of dollars in exploiting a single book, while leaving most of the other books upon a list to succeed or fail without even a legitimate amount of notice. But while the "book boom" lasted, publishers and some authors reaped a rich harvest.

A tendency to geographical specialisation in American fiction presently became noticeable; and this was also due to the influence of realism. THE BOOKMAN published once a Literary Map of the United States which showed how each section of the country had been preempted, as it were, by particular authors. Thus, Miss Mary E. Wilkins and Sarah Pratt McLean Greene drew with mingled humour and pathos the life of the country-folk and fishermen of New England. Mr. Hamlin Garland first revealed the possibilities of the Northwest, his finest book being *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly.* Mr. Harold Frederic rediscovered the middle section of New York State. One of his novels, *The Damnation of Theron*



HAMLIN GARLAND IN 1896

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Ware, is to be ranked among the most absorbing pieces of fiction ever written by an American. Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, Mr. George W. Cable, and others, wrote of the South, though in a purely ephemeral way. Mr. William Allen White a little later gave us, as he is still giving us, illuminating glimpses of that portion of the West which is best known to him—the West of violence and virtue, of corruption and charity, of hate and hope—in such a way that his books have value as historical documents. The slum life of cities was depicted with first hand knowledge by Josiah Flynt. The wild existence of men in the savage cold of the Alaskan wastes was set down with a power often equal to that of Kipling by Mr. Jack London.

So far, realism was in the ascendant; but, oddly enough, at the same time a great wave of romanticism swept over the American people—a romanticism that had a patriotic tinge. Here we see a revival from the effects of the Civil War. That long and weary struggle had

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. FROM A RECENT PORTRAIT

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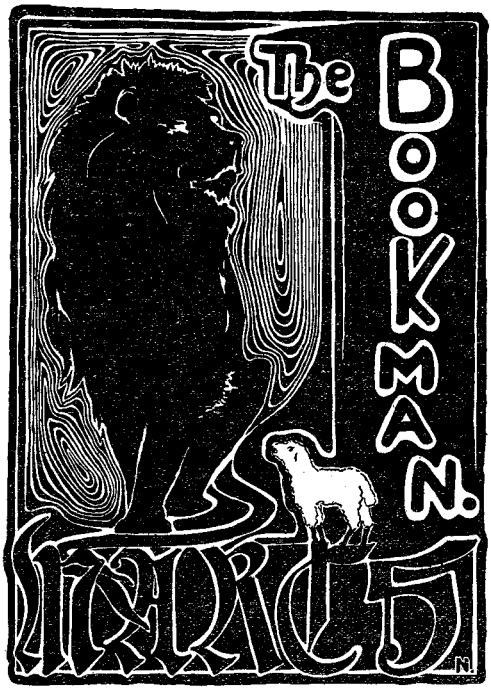
HAROLD FREDERIC

not destroyed the patriotic instincts of the American people. It had merely dulled them for a time. A new generation now arose which looked back with eagerness upon the history of our own country and found a peculiar satisfaction in those novels of which the action took place against an historic background. This patriotic revival accounts for the welcome given to the pseudo-historical novels of Mr. Winston Churchill, beginning with *Richard Carvel,* and to Mr. Ford's *Janice Meredith,* for example. Some few writers attained prominence through books that dealt with periods of history not American, as witness the astonishing success of Mr. Charles Major's *When Knighthood Was in Flower,* and of Miss Bertha Runkle's *The Helmet of Navarre.* Mr. Richard Harding Davis is to be numbered with the romantic writers, though most persons view him otherwise. He began as a newspaper reporter, and, of course, a journalist usually picks out with a subtle instinct the facts and observations which he feels sure that his readers wish to know. He subordinates his own conception of the theme to theirs. This would in most instances serve to make of him a realist. But in the case of Mr. Davis he had before his mind a class of readers to whom no American author had before appealed, and for the excellent reason that no such class of readers had before existed. He wrote for the nebulous but gradually uniting fragments of what was soon to crystallise into a well-defined social caste. As we said in these pages, some years ago, of our nascent aristocracy:

> At present they are rather in the air and have not gone much further in the attainment of distinction than the possession of money and an illimitable desire for recognition at the hands of the world at large. . . . They can do a great many things, and when they are alone together they can almost believe that the whole pretence is real. But unfortunately a remnant of American humour still lingers in their minds, and they are dreadfully troubled by the latent fear that no one else is taking them quite seriously, that they are not impressive, that, in fact, they may just possibly be the least bit absurd. They know themselves, of course, that they are precious vessels, but they are rather disquieted by the thought that the horrid people about them may not fully understand this. They wonder how they actually appear as others see them. It has been the miraculous good fortune of Mr. Richard Harding Davis to reassure them on this point and to make them feel comparatively easy in their minds. Mr. Davis is their discoverer in literature, and he has held his mirror up to them in a way that is not only a supreme achievement of the journalistic spirit, but is so absolutely clever as to merit an even greater popularity than he has as yet enjoyed.



POSTERS OF THE PAST

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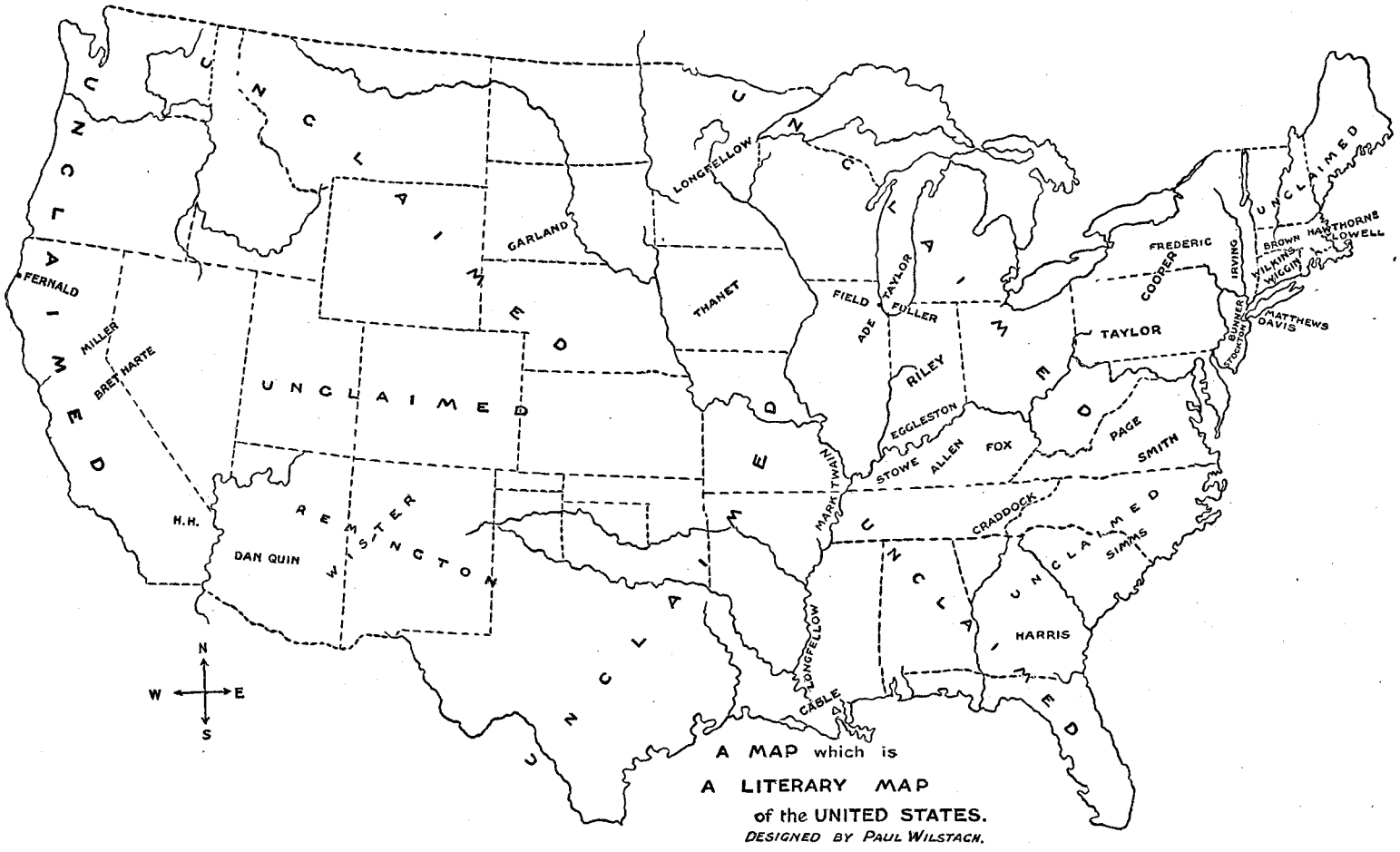

A MAP which is
A LITERARY MAP
of the UNITED STATES.
DESIGNED BY PAUL WILSTACH.

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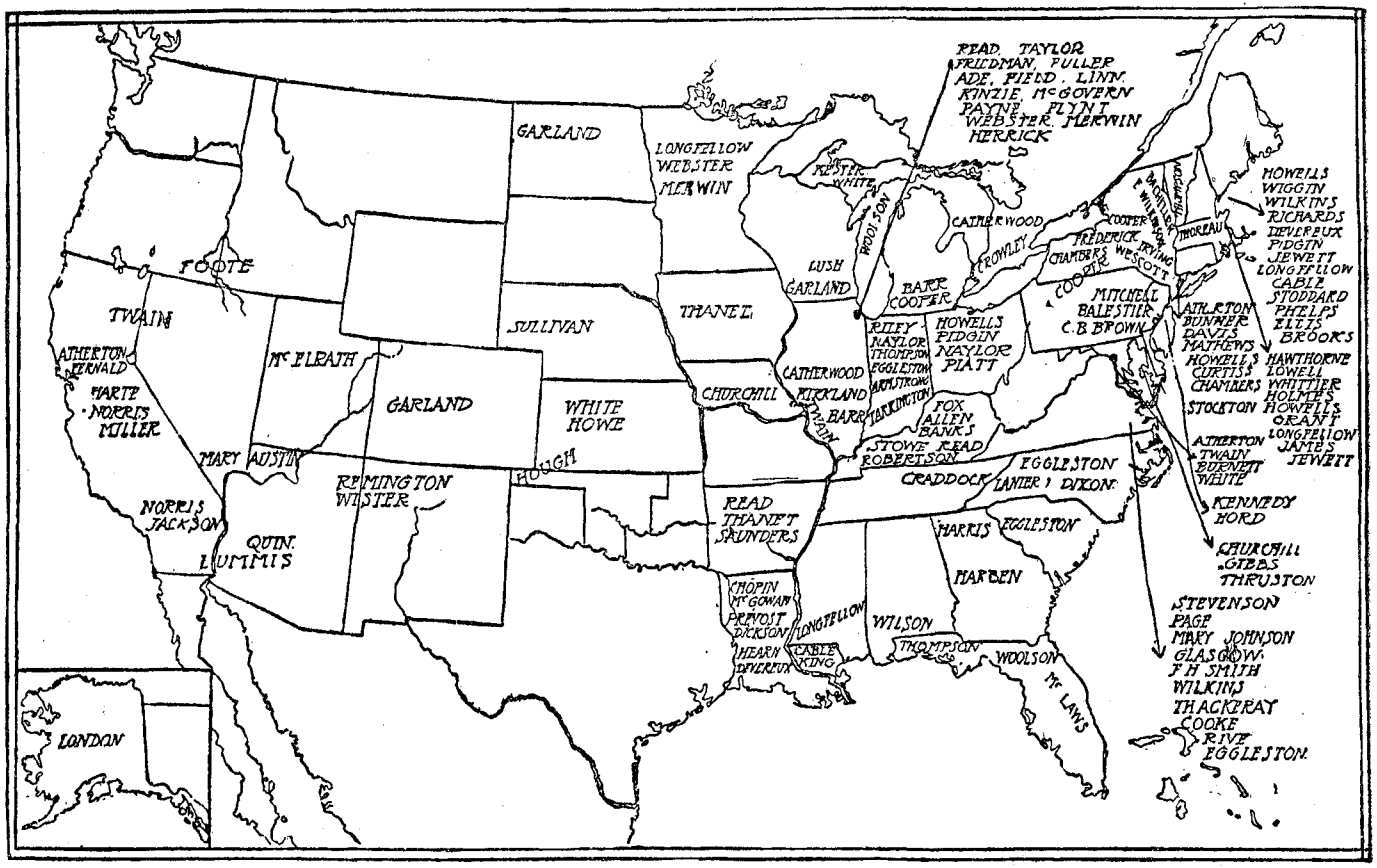

A LITERARY MAP OF THE UNITED STATES. DRAWN FIVE YEARS LATER THAN THE MAP ON THE PRECEDING PAGE, IT INDICATES THE MARVELLOUS DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN FICTION

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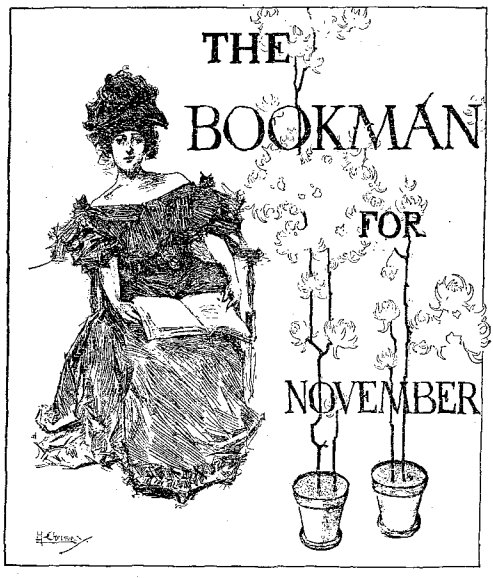

POSTERS OF THE PAST

Thus Mr. Davis invented Van Bibber, the new American swell, not precisely as he is in life, but as he would like to be. He is an ideal, an aspiration, like Mr. Davis's romantic district-attorneys in *The Exiles* and *Vera,* and his inspired civil engineer in *Soldiers of Fortune,* who are constructed by him for a constituency of very young men and interesting girls. He professes to be delineating life as it is, but he actually delineates it as his readers would love to have it. For a realistic picture of New York life at its extremes, one should read both Mr. Edward W. Townsend and Mrs. Wharton.

Too much importance may seem to have been given here to a writer whose popularity is greater than his permanence. But, after all, in this he represents the spirit which has obtained possession of the American public during the past fifteen years. It is a spirit of literary catholicity. The reader delights in the ward-politics of the *Honourable Peter Stirling* or even the often nauseous details of Mr. Sinclair's *Jungle;* but he is quite as prone to linger with pleasure over Mr. Tarkington's exquisitely wrought story, *M. Beaucaire,* conceived in the purest spirit of romance, or Conan Doyle's Sherlockian cycle. If we take the greater masters of our own time, they have unconsciously and in their own despite combined the two methods of the two great schools. Thus, Mr. Howells believes wholly in impersonality, and yet no one will chat to the public more delightfully than he about his own likes and dislikes. He will tell you that he cannot read Sir Walter Scott, though in his own best novel, *A Modern Instance,* he gives you scenes as dramatic and as thrilling as anything to be found in *Ivanhoe.* Even a sensitivist like Mr. Henry James cannot entirely eschew romance, for there are touches of it in every one of his important books. The age, in fact, is romantically realistic, and it is within the past fifteen years that this fact has become apparent. Rudyard Kipling—the greatest name of all—exemplifies the truth, and he has frankly acknowledged it in his poem "The King."

"Romance!" the Season-tickets mourn,
He never ran to catch his train,
But passed with coach and guard and horn—
And left the local—late again!
Confound "Romance!" . . . And, all unseen,
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

This survey of the period under discussion may seem to give an undue prominence to fiction. But if so, it is only because fiction has been largely in the ascendant. It is "the literature of democracy" and it has now come into its own. It responds most quickly to popular feeling, and this is why it has become so deeply tinged with socialistic thought. The rights of labour, the wrongs of the "ultimate consumer," the alleged atrocities of the capitalist, would once have been the subjects of tracts, or monographs, or of carefully considered books which only a very small number of readers would ever see. Now, it is in fiction that the battles of the people are fought out. This, too, is characteristic of an age which has given us no great essayists, no great philosophers, no great poets, and, it must be confessed, no dramatic writers whose works will live.

Viewed from the standpoint of the old-time formal critic, the last fifteen years have been a time of literary revolution if not a revolution in æsthetics everywhere. But it seems to us that the development

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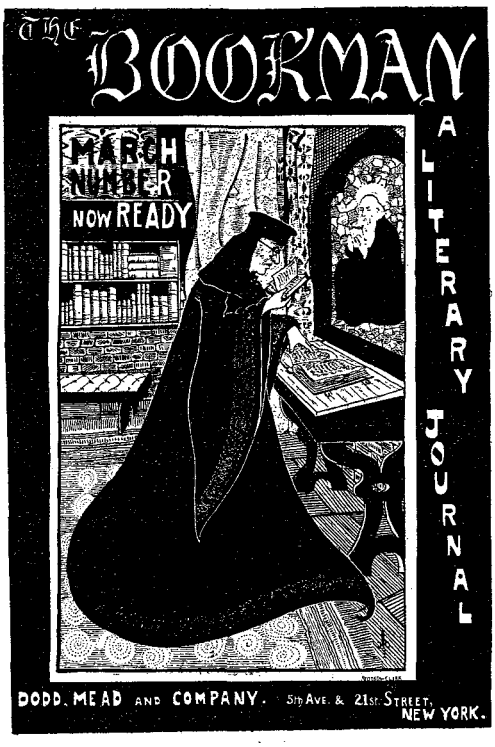
is sane enough, and that it is working out a broader and more sympathetic understanding of literature as a whole. Appreciation is not narrowed as it used to be. It goes out gladly to whatever is fine and beautiful, and even to the strength that is concealed in ugliness. The older forms of literature are less regarded, but the newer forms and even the lack of form have merits of their own.

Of course, there has been a great deal done and written that is ephemeral and absurd. Still, most of it is like an exhibition of animal spirits on the part of a colt turned out to pasture, or of a very young man who has just heard the snapping of his leading-strings. There was the period, for instance, of the poster craze, of the sway of Jules Cheret and Aubrey Beardsley with their complicated system of curves and splashes, their staring black and white, and their amazingly abnormal drawing. These posters find their parallel in the literary work which they were often intended to advertise or illustrate—in Stephen Crane's *Maggie* or in his "poems" printed all in capitals:

A MAN SAID TO THE UNIVERSE:
"SIR, I EXIST."
"HOWEVER," REPLIED THE UNIVERSE,
"THE FACT HAS NOT CREATED IN ME
A SENSE OF OBLIGATION."

Then there was the *Yellow Book,* for which Mr. Beardsley drew, and which Mr. Henry Harland edited, both of them trying to be as reprehensible as possible just out of wilfulness and an amusing defiance of convention. In the train of this publication followed the now deceased *Chap Book,* the *Philistine,* the *Papyrus,* and the *Goose Quill.* To read some of their articles, one would suppose that the world was being turned upside down; whereas nothing more serious had happened than that a number of men, all of them rather young, had started out to shock the world—the great big world which goes serenely on throughout the ages without noticing these ephemeridæ. George Moore has very well hit off the guiding principle of such publications in describing an imaginary one which he styled *The Pilgrim:*



POSTERS OF THE PAST

The formula of criticism developed was to consider as worthless all that the world held in estimation, and to laud as best, all that the world had agreed to discard. All institutions were held to be symbols of man's earthliness; while the bar-room and the music-hall gave certain proof of his divine origin. Actors were scorned, and prize-fighters revered. The genius of courtesans, the folly of education, and the poetry of pantomime, formed the themes on which the articles were written. Insolent letters were addressed to eminent people; and a novel, the hero of which was a butler and the heroine a cook, was in course of publication.

It is quite typical of the tolerance, rather than of the bad taste, of American readers that Miss Mary MacLane of Butte, Montana, should have found a publisher and many readers for a book in which she describes at much length the six toothbrushes in her family's bath-room, the manner in which she once stole three dollars, and finally, her infatuation for the Devil.

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Periodically I fall completely, madly in love with the Devil. He is so fascinating, so strong—so strong, exactly the sort of man whom my wooden heart awaits. I would like to throw myself at his head. I would make him a dear little wife. He would love me—he would love me. I would be in raptures. And I would love him, oh, madly, madly!

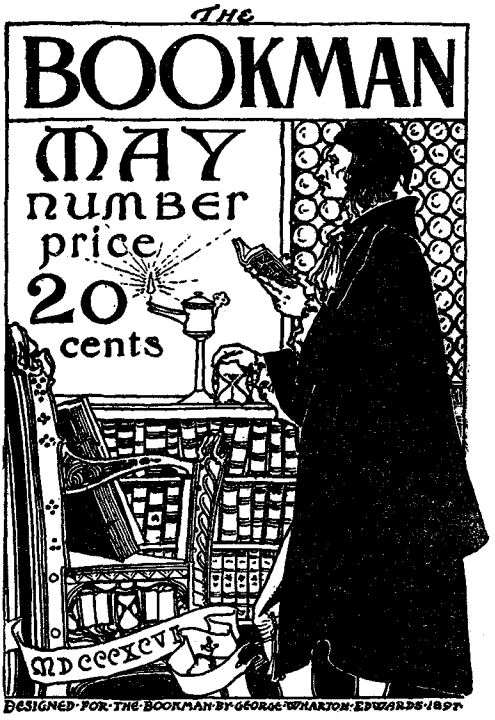
This book was published only eight years ago; and yet to-day who remembers anything about Mary MacLane? She is just as remote as Mr. Bernard Shaw will have become before the middle of this century. So it is, that when we survey the records of our literature since THE BOOKMAN was first issued, we find, as it were, on a small scale, the history of all literary effort. What is freakish and eccentric and ephemeral goes by the board and leaves no more impression than an editorial in last week's newspaper. The real results are visible in a wider love of reading, a desire to understand what is attractive in every possible form, and, therefore, a fuller and truer conception of what literature really means.

Harry Thurston Peck.

NOTES ON THE FIRST ISSUE

Her hands about her brows are pressed,
She goes upon her knees to pray,
Her head is bowed upon her breast,
And oh, she's sairly failed the day!

These lines, with which J. M. Barrie began "Scotland's Lament," in tribute to Robert Louis Stevenson, who had died in Samoa a few weeks before, were the first lines of the first issue of the American BOOKMAN, which, just as the American *Review of Reviews* was founded on the English publication of the same name, was modelled after the English *Bookman,* which had been established a few years before by Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll. "Scotland's Lament" was part of a little eight-page supplement "In Memoriam, Robert Louis Stevenson," bound in just before the first page of "Chronicle and Comment," which in that number was called "News Notes." It contained, besides the Barrie poem, which ran to sixty-eight lines, a fine picture of the home of Stevenson with Vaea Mountain, where he is buried, in the background, and memorial contributions from S. R. Crockett and Ian Maclaren. From the collector's point of view this supplement is probably the most interesting feature of the first issue. It commands, we believe, a fancy price and is highly cherished by lovers of Stevensoniana.



POSTERS OF THE PAST

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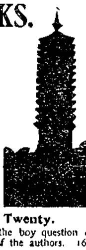

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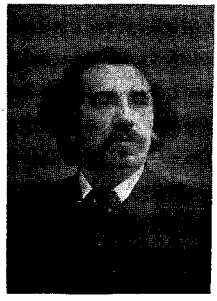

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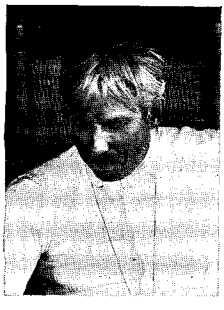

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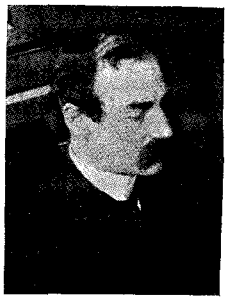

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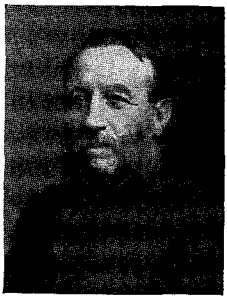

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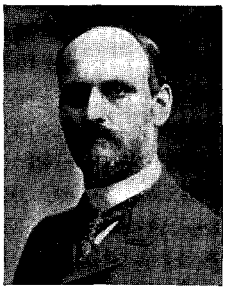

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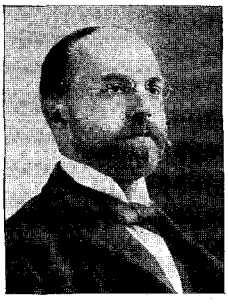

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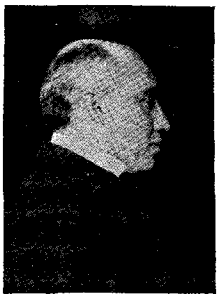

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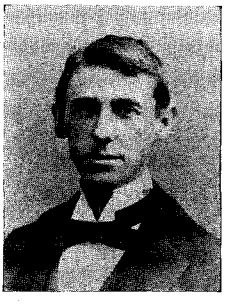

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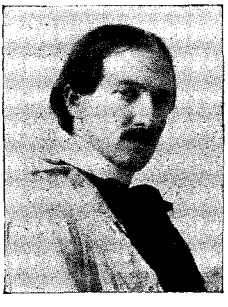

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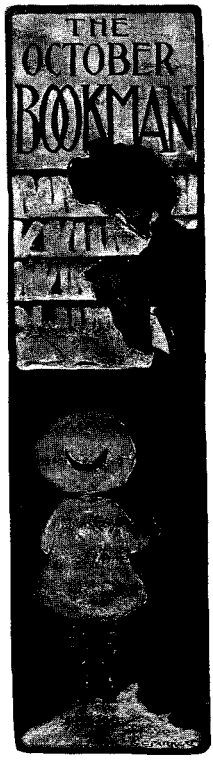

POSTERS OF THE PAST

The News Notes began with an allusion to the Stevenson supplement. Two paragraphs on the same page inform us that Beatrice Harraden has been reading *The Bonnie Briar Bush* and thinks its touches of humour irresistible, and that Miss Harraden is amused at a dramatised version of *Ships*, which is perambulating Western boards. On the eve of writing, the play was to appear in San Diego. "I cannot imagine what they have found to dramatise," she writes, "and so go to learn." A note about Nathan Haskell Dole as the translator of Tolstoy is followed by the news that Professor Bryce's *American Commonwealth* has just fallen under the censor's ban in Russia. There is an announcement of the postponement of Lucas Malet's new novel, though what that novel is we are not told. Other paragraphs on this and the next page deal with Mr. Selwyn Image, a new quarterly "with an interesting purpose." The Baroness Von Suttner, awards of the Loubat prizes, the third edition of *The Brontës in Ireland*, Maarten Maartens's German vogue, and the death of Professor Augustus Chapman Merriam.

On page five appears the first BOOKMAN anecdote. It concerns Edward W. Nye ("Bill Nye"), who made, we are in-

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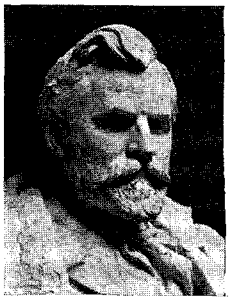
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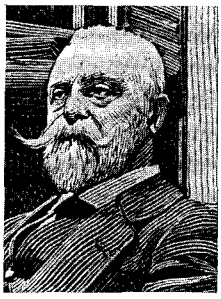
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AMONG "THE BOOKMAN'S" CONTRIBUTORS

formed, a short speech at an author's dinner in London that was much relished by the bookmen present, including the publishers, at whom it was indirectly aimed. "Just a year ago," he said, "I was walking on the principal street of Indianapolis, when I met a man whose appearance showed that he was reduced to the very depths of poverty. His clothes were ragged, his face unshaven, his hair long and matted, and his feet unshod. As I passed him, a look of recognition came into his eye.

"'Nye, old fellow, don't you know me? Don't you know Abel P. Jones, who was your classmate at college?'

"'What, Jones! Is it really you? Well, well, what can I do for you?'

"'For heaven's sake, help me. I am starving. Lend me half a dollar.'

"I felt in my pockets. They were empty. I had no money myself. But a bright thought flashed through my mind.

"'Abel, I can't lend you the half dollar: I haven't got it. But look here, I'll tell you what I *will* do: I'll let you publish my next book.'

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AUBREY BEARDSLEY

"Gentlemen, that was just a year ago; and this month Abel P. Jones sent me an invitation to go to Europe with him in his steam yacht."

A friendly dig at the *Critic,* and an allusion to a forthcoming life of Oliver Wendell Holmes are followed by a note on the literary habits of Thomas Hardy. Mr. Hardy, we learn, when travelling by train or omnibus, finds himself instinctively observing his fellow-passengers and constructing the story of their lives from what he sees in their faces. His average rate of production is about two pages a day, though he will sometimes far exceed this quantity. Miss Harraden is again the subject of the next paragraph. She has been writing a California novel and is intending to write three more with the same setting. "The life out here is so interesting; it is so different from anything else." On the next page reference is made to a recent unfortunate literary blunder on the part of Mr. Henry Irving. It seems that in an address at Manchester, Irving, not yet Sir Henry, had spoken of the author of *Le Rouge et le Noir* as "that German, Stendhal." This curious mistake moves the chronicler to suggest that some one should compile each month a list of the various literary blunders perpetrated by men who make literature a profession, and to quote some recent examples. "For instance," he says, "we find the editorial columns of the *Evening Post* ascribing to Sam Weller the immortal exclamation of Mr. Squeers, 'Here's richness!' The *Sun* quotes Grimm's Law as applicable to the phonetics of the Romance languages. In the same journal the very clever reviewer who signs his contributions M. W. H., in a recent notice of Froude's life of Erasmus, holds the great Dutch humanist responsible for the English pronunciation of Greek, apparently not being aware that the Erasmian system is just the system which the English refuse to adopt.

"Another curious instance is found in an address of that accomplished scholar, Mr. Frederic R. Coudert, who, after depicting the body politic as Gulliver bound fast by the Lilliputians, adds, 'and we all know how *he* burst through his bonds,' which is precisely what we do not know, being told by that excellent authority, Dr. Jonathan Swift, that Gulliver was quite unable to do anything of the kind, and was only released when his captors were ready to let him go.

"A still more picturesque instance of the same sort of thing is found in a recent edition of *A Tale of Two Cities,* wherein one of the illustrations represents an evil-looking *sans-culotte* smearing upon the wall the word *Blood* in letters of huge size. The scene depicted is as impressive in the drawing as in the text; but the person of an inquiring turn of mind cannot help wondering mildly why a Parisian ruffian of the barriers se-

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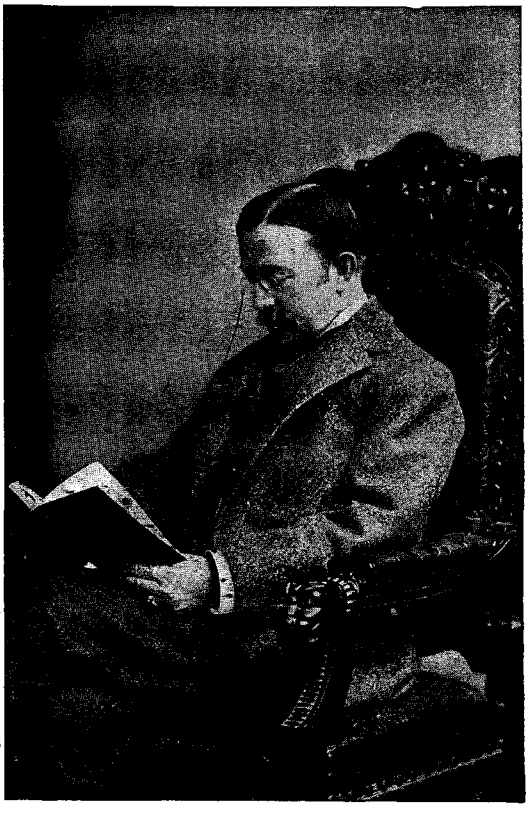
lected the English language for his parietal prophecies."

Notes on an educational book by James Phinney Munroe, described as "a lawyer of Boston," and on the literary habits of Louise Imogen Guiney, are followed by two paragraphs on Father Tabb, whose recent death is chronicled elsewhere in this, our fifteenth anniversary issue. A five-line paragraph in the next column recalls that one of Robert Louis Stevenson's great heroes was the Duke of Wellington, and that Stevenson used to say that the best thing ever said of Wellington was this: "He did his duty as naturally as a horse eats oats." From the next note we learn that Lord Rosebery and some of his colleagues spend much time at the London Athenæum Club, and that the (then) Premier is a great reader. Notes on Ruskin, Katherine Pearson Woods, and Stephen Crane's *The Black Riders* are followed by a paragraph on two pleasing *mots,* which, we are told, "are just beginning to be circulated, though neither has yet appeared in print. The first is from the other side of the Atlantic and is ascribed to Whistler, who, being asked what he thought of Mr. Oscar Wilde, replied: 'Wilde? Oh he is *le bourgeois malgré lui!*' The second is the dictum of a distinguished American man of letters who was questioned as to his opinion of Mr. Henry James's published plays. 'Well,' he said, after a moment's reflection, 'there seems to be only three objections to make to them. The first is that they are unactable; the second is that they are unreadable; and the third is that they are unspeakable!'"

According to other notes on the same page Mrs. Moulton ascribes her tardiness in preparing her volume of travels to her enormous correspondence. Mr. Brander



HAMILTON W. MABIE IN 1895

Matthews is engaged in revising his articles on bibliopegic art, and Mr. H. C. Bunner, having completed his second series of *Short Sixes,* is now writing the concluding article of his series of *Urban and Suburban Sketches.* The fact that Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, who has a "strong aversion and instinctive dislike to interviewing and being interviewed," is preparing a "Conversation" with A. Conan Doyle for publication in *The Ladies' Home Journal,* is set down as evidence of Mr. Mabie's strong personal regard for Dr. Doyle.

FATHER TABB

An unstrung lyre, a broken shaft,
The silence of a magic pen,
A cup whence ev'ry drop's been quaffed,
Oh, rarest man of all rare men.

J. T. Greenleaf.

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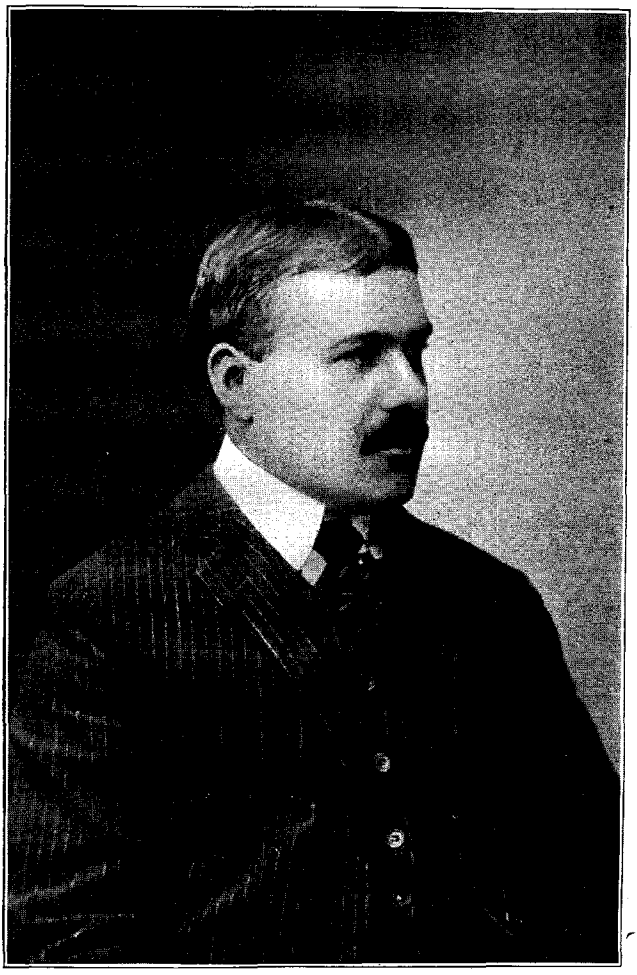

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

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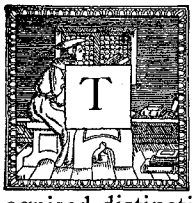
SOME REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

X—ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

I. His Methods



HERE are certain writers whom we quite naturally think of primarily as story tellers rather than as novelists. Not that there is any fundamental or well-recognised distinction between a story and a novel, or that we could conceive of such an amomaly as a novel that contains no story. Nevertheless, the distinction exists and makes itself felt, even if it refuses to be defined. For it is possible to write a pretty good novel by the simple but patient process of taking infinite pains; but the story teller is born and not made. In America, we have not at present a large number of writers who have made good their claim to a place among the born story tellers; but of these few, Mr. Robert W. Chambers is one who has proved a clear title. For this reason, it is distinctly worth while to examine the work of Mr. Chambers with an unsparing frankness that would be unkind toward a writer of less importance, and to ask ourselves, without prejudice or illusion, just what he has succeeded in accomplishing, wherein he has fallen short of his early promise and why he has not attained that higher goal which has always seemed to lie so easily within his reach.

In the first place, it is worth while to rehearse briefly and to keep in mind just a few biographical details: that he was born in Brooklyn, May 26, 1865; that he and Mr. Charles Dana Gibson were fellow-students at the Art Students' League in New York; that in 1886 he went to Paris and studied at the École des Beaux Arts and at Julian's for seven years, his paintings finding acceptance at the Salon when he was but twenty-four years of age. He returned to New York in 1893; and a glance over the old files of *Life, Truth* and *Vogue* reveals his activity at that time as an illustrator. But the story-writer's instinct, the riotous fertility of imagination that insisted on flashing endless motion pictures before his eyes at all times and in all places demanded a fuller and more rapid means of expression than that of palette and brush stroke. The tangible realities of his student's life in Paris formed the raw material for a first novel, *In the Quarter;* while the yet undisciplined extravagances of his imagination found outlet in the short stories of uncanny and haunting power that make up the volume entitled *The King in Yellow.* It was the cordial recognition accorded this second volume that decided Mr. Chambers's subsequent career.

To a critic attempting a conscientious and discriminating study of Mr. Chambers's work, the first and most salient feature is his productivity. In less than seventeen years he has produced thirty-five volumes, including four juvenile stories and a collection of verse. Furthermore, his uncommon versatility once found expression in a drama entitled *The Witch of Ellangowan,* written for Miss Ada Rehan and produced at Daly's Theatre. It is neither practicable nor advantageous to study in detail more than a fraction of these works; singling out such as clearly mark the author's several periods of transition and stand as significant landmarks of gain or loss in technique. But before taking up these separate volumes, it is well to get a general impression of Mr. Chambers's literary methods, his characteristic practice of the art he has chosen in preference to that for which he was trained.

The emphasis of position is deliberately laid upon the concluding phrase of the preceding paragraph. The disadvantage under which the art of fiction has always suffered is that there is demanded of it no such long period of probation, no such definite apprenticeship as are exacted from all the other arts. It is true that many a beginner in story writing is condemned, usually with justice, to

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months and years of disappointment; an augmenting collection of rejection slips; and the consignment, one by one, of treasured manuscripts to the waste paper basket. On the other hand, it happens every now and then that a new writer breaks into print like thunder out of a clear sky, with scarcely any preliminary training and by sheer force of an inborn talent. But the important point is that whether premature or belated, the success of the story writer comes from self-tuition. There exists no Julian's to train the budding novelist, no salon to give a world-wide recognition to real genius. The case of Mr. Chambers himself is interesting and significant. Seven years seemed not too long a time to serve for the right to have a few sketches published in our illustrated magazines. But when one day it casually occurred to him to sit down at his desk and to turn the things he had seen into written pages, the result a few months later was the irrevocable black-and-white of a printed book. Of course, in one sense such an experience is high testimony to a writer's natural talent, and not merely justifies, but well nigh demands his continuance along the same path. On the other hand, such an inborn and spontaneous vein of creative power is a handicap as well as an advantage. It minimises the importance of self-discipline and of that mastery of technique which is to be acquired only at the price of many failures.

All this is by way of preface to the one obvious and all-pervading weakness in the writings of Mr. Chambers. For it is important to get this weakness clearly in mind before we recognise cordially his many distinctive talents. Some admirers of Mr. Chambers have spoken enthusiastically of his rare constructive ability and of the unerring instinct with which he brings his stories to the desired climax. To a great extent this is true, if only we place the principal accent upon the word "instinct." What Mr. Chambers's literary methods are, the present writer does not know in detail; but a careful analysis leaves the impression that he allows his stories very largely to construct themselves, relying upon that inborn faculty for narrative which we have already so cordially granted him. For instance, the elementary principle of Economy of Means is a rule for which Mr. Chambers seems to have no use. He has found by experience that the public likes to listen to him; and so long as they listen, he sees no reason for curtailing to fifty words a sentence which, left to itself, flows along to upward of a hundred. In his latest books, he sees no more objection in interrupting the progress of a plot by a few pages of unnecessary dialogue than in his earlier period he saw the harm of delaying progress with superfluous paragraphs of quite vivid and wonderful description.

In other words, the impression left by Mr. Chambers's work as a whole is that he has not chosen to study carefully and to practise the best technique of the recognised masters of modern fiction. He prefers to begin and to end a story where he pleases, regardless of the question whether this beginning and end coincide with those dictated by the best art. In a measure, this is rather curious, because of all the arts none is so closely related to fiction as that of painting, none that should be a more unerring guide to the best methods of composition. And yet in his stories, Mr. Chambers over and over again interjects extraneous details which, if he had been thinking in terms of brush strokes and paint tubes, he would have known at once to lie far beyond the borders of his canvas. These criticisms of Mr. Chambers's methods are based not upon individual impressions but upon facts, easily to be demonstrated from the books themselves. Nevertheless, they are made hesitantly, because it is quite possible that Mr. Chambers has been wise in writing precisely as he does. It may be that his erratic, effervescent, irrepressible flow of invention would have become clogged and diverted under the trammels of a stricter technique. What he does possess and what must be acceded to him freely and generously are a graphic power of visualisation that sets before you, with all the splendour of a glowing canvas, precisely the picture that he has in his mind's eye; an ability to handle crowds and give you the sense of the jostle and turmoil of busy streets, the tumult and uproar of angry throngs,

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the din and havoc of battle; and thirdly, he possesses to an exceptional degree the trick of conveying a sense of motion. You are caught, swept off your feet, and breathlessly carried onward in the irresistible rush and surge of his narrative. Many another writer has succeeded in describing speed; few of them have been able so intensely to make you feel it; few of them have given the impression of the inexorable rapidity with which the tragedies of life sometimes succeed each other.

And, furthermore, a quality which must be conceded to Mr. Chambers beyond any other American novelist of today, aside from such specialists in the outdoor life as Stewart Edward White or Charles G. D. Roberts, is his enthusiastic and all-pervading love of nature—of wood and field and water, of hunting and fishing, of all creatures of the earth and air, large and small. There is not a story but what has in it some furred or feathered creature that plays a more or less prominent part in the structure; not a chapter that is quite lacking in the song of birds or the fragrance of flowers or the flutter of insect wings. And with all this is the unmistakable imprint of authority. You feel that Mr. Chambers may blunder in the colour of a man's hair or the motive for a woman's action; but he is too good a scientist to mistake the species of a beetle or a butterfly, or misname a wayside weed or a woodland creeper. The great majority of our society novelists confine themselves so largely to the artificial life of drawing room and boudoir that we ought to be grateful to Mr. Chambers if only for the sake of the sweet breath of open country and song and sunshine that he never quite loses, even in the darkest and meanest of our city streets.

II. His Books

It will not be necessary, in order to arrive at a well-rounded estimate of Mr. Chambers's real value, to examine critically more than half a dozen of his books. An author's first published volume always possesses a peculiar significance as a standard of measurement for what comes after. Therefore, *In The Quarter* cannot be disregarded. One's first impression in reading it is that of astonishment at its vividness; it is so unmistakably a series of pen drawings, of things actually seen and lived, a pell-mell gathering of the humour and pathos, the gladness and the pain of the modern art student's life. One's second thought is that, while essentially modern in material, the book is curiously old-fashioned in structure, almost as destitite of coherence as *La Vie de Bohême* itself. There is not an episode that you wish to prune away—they are so frankly enjoyable for their own sake; but as for plot, with the best intentions in the world, one fails to extract anything more definite than this: An American art student, who drifts into quite the usual entanglement with a young girl of a rather better sort than the average Parisian model; an estrangement brought about by the American's inheritance of a fortune, and the interference of the French girl's jealous sister; and finally the unjustifiable and melodramatic murder of the American by the sister just as all misunderstandings had been cleared up and the wedding was arranged. In this book, the following points are to be noticed: Here at the very start, Mr. Chambers showed a rare power of description, a distinct ability at portraiture of such types as he really knew; and because the book was written under French influences, the slight structure that it possessed was logical—even the melodramatic ending was foreshadowed and structurally justifiable.

Following this novel come a series of volumes which, with the exception of one or two negligible stories, consist of collections of short stories: *The King in Yellow, The Maker of Moons,* and *The Mystery of Choice.* Mr. Chambers has, at intervals since then, published other volumes of tales, such as *The Tree of Heaven,* and *Some Ladies in Haste;* but unquestionably, his fame as a writer of the short story will rest upon these earlier volumes. Widely as they differ in character and quality, ranging from painfully sinister horror-stories to fantasies light as rainbow bubbles, they all of them have one quality in common: A wanton unreality, a defiance of everything that, in our sober senses, we are

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accustomed to believe, coupled with a certain assumption of seriousness, an insistence upon little realistic details that force us for the time being to accept as actual the most outrageous absurdities, and to vibrate as responsively as a violin string to the touch of the author's finger and the sweep of his imagination. It would be easy to pick a dozen of these stories as characteristic examples of Mr. Chambers at the height of his fantastic mood. As a matter of personal preference, the present writer chooses to single out the story which gives its name to the volume entitled *The Maker of Moons,* for it runs the gamut of all the varied emotions that characterise these stories—the repulsion of tangible, physical ugliness, the dread of unguessed horror, the witchery of supernatural beauty, the pervading sense of invisible, warring forces of good and evil. We start with cold, prosaic details—a favourite trick of Mr. Chambers. The United States Treasury officials have reason to believe that an unscrupulous gang of counterfeiters have discovered a method of manufacturing gold, so adroitly that it defies chemical analysis, and they decide that these makers of "moonshine" gold must be suppressed. There is only one peculiarity about this gold—and herein lies the first suggestion of creepy repulsion—wherever a lump of the gold is found, there are pretty sure to be found also one or more curious, misshapen, crawling creatures, half crab, half spider, covered with long, thick, yellow hair, and suggestive of uncleanness and venom. The headquarters of these counterfeiters is somewhere in the northern woods, in a region of peaceful woods and still waters. And the whole effect of the story is obtained by the swift series of transitions between the physical violence of a ruthless man-hunt and the ineffable charm and beauty of a dream-lady, who appears to the hero repeatedly and without warning, standing beside a magic fountain and talking to him of a magic city beyond the Seven Seas and the Great River, "the river and the thousand bridges, the white peak beyond, the sweet-scented gardens, the pleasant noise of the summer wind, laden with bee music and the music of bells." It is hard, in a clumsy retelling of such gossamer-spun tales, to give the impression of anything more than a jumble of mad folly. Yet the tale itself leaves an insistent memory of supernatural beauty, seen vaguely through moonlight, and of the fulsome opulence of demon gold, distilling foully into writhing, crawling horrors.

Lorraine, Ashes of Empire, The Red Republic and *The Maids of Paradise,* though appearing at irregular intervals, from 1894 to 1903, belong together, for the two-fold reason that they all four have the Franco-Prussian War as a setting, and dashing young Americans for their heroes. Of these four, *Ashes of Empire* seems best adapted for analysis, since it shows, perhaps the best of any of them, the qualities and weaknesses of Mr. Chambers in this type of novel. It is essentially the type of the modern novel of adventure, the type made familiar by Stanley Weyman, Max Pemberton, Henry Seton Merriman and Richard Harding Davis—and on the whole, Mr. Chambers's treatment of the type may be compared not unfavourably with any one of these. He happens to know unusually well both the history and the topography of France during the period that he has chosen to treat; he attempts no ambitious character study, he takes no daring liberties with recorded facts; he is content to tell a series of rattling good stories that not only keep moving but keep you moving with them. And there is no doubt that he himself is having as much enjoyment in the writing as any of the readers have in the reading. And yet it is evident that this type of book is not what Mr. Chambers would have deliberately chosen as his favourite life work. One may venture to risk the conjecture that he would never have written these books at all had it not been for the sudden popularity, a decade ago, of the adventure novel, coupled with his own fatal facility for turning out pretty nearly any sort of story that he chooses to undertake. Had he cared more for his work, we should have had in these books characters less wooden and more like real people, and episodes more uniformly serious and less apt to approach the border-line of farce. *Ashes of Empire* is in this respect typical. It deals

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with the Empress Eugenie's flight, the siege and the surrender of Paris. There are two young American war correspondents, who happened to be outside the Tuileries at an opportune time to aid two unknown young women to hoodwink the crowd and effect the Empress's safe retreat. These two war correspondents, partly by design, partly by good luck, succeed in tracing the young women to their home, abutting on the city's fortifications, learn that the girls live there quite alone, renting the upper apartments to lodgers, and keeping a bird shop on the ground floor, in which parrots, jackdaws and a tame lioness harmlessly romp together. The war correspondents promptly fall in love with the two sisters, rescue them from the villainous machinations of two German-Americans, who turn out to be Prussian spies, and after undergoing the usual allotment of hairbreadth escapes, marry and live happily ever after. But while the characterisation is weak, and the plot conventional, the background is really alive. We feel the tension of a national crisis, the dread of approaching disaster, the scream of shells, and the wails of starvation, the despair of a people that know that both from within and without they have been betrayed. To this extent, at least, the book is a worthy piece of work.

Many a sincere friend of Mr. Chambers has frankly declared *Outsiders* to be his one great blunder. Yet it is a better and more sincere piece of work than many of his successful volumes. Moreover, it throws some useful light upon his attitude, not so many years ago, toward publishers, critics and life in general in the city of New York. It is not surprising that the book failed to achieve popularity. He committed in it almost all the indiscretions which are supposed to bar the way to a big sale; he ridiculed American culture, American architecture and American social standing; and he rounded out the story with an ending which sinned doubly by being not only unhappy, but structurally unnecessary. Nevertheless, one cannot help liking the book; it was so vigorous, so cleverly satirical, and, to a large extent, so well written. The life of the self-styled Bohemian circles, the life of the petty artists, the minor poets, the second-rate scribblers of all sorts is, to be sure, largely done in caricature, but it is caricature of an easily recognised sort. And the background, though frankly painted by an outsider, and a hostile outsider at that, is vividly, unmistakably, aggressively New York. You cannot at a single moment of the story forget your whereabouts, or imagine yourself in any other city in the world.

> Far up the ravine of masonry and iron a beautiful spire, blue in the distance, rose from a Gothic church that seemed to close the great thoroughfare at its northern limit.
>
> "That's Grace Church," said Oliver, with a little catch in his voice.
>
> It was the first familiar landmark that he had found in the city of his boyhood—and he had been away only a dozen years. Suddenly he realised the difference between a city, in the Old-World acceptance of the term, and the city before his eyes—this stupendous excrescence of naked iron, gaunt under its skin of paint, flimsily colossal, ludicrously sad—this half-begun, irrational, gaudy, dingy monstrosity—this temporary fair-ground, choked with tinsel, ill-paved, ill-lighted, stark, treeless, swarming, crawling with humanity.

In the decade that has since passed, Mr. Chambers has learned to make his characters, even where they have long resided abroad, more uniformly courteous regarding their expressed opinions of our American cities and American customs. One wonders a little whether this is because he has succeeded in acquiring a taste for our ugly buildings and our noisy streets, or whether it is simply a matter of expedient reticence. Be this as it may, one cannot read attentively his latest and most mature volumes, his present series of contemporary New York life, without observing that descriptive passages of city streets and buildings are conspicuously absent. The moment that he escapes from the city, the moment that he finds himself in the open once more on the wide-spreading levels of Long Island, or the picturesque stretches of the Maine coast, or the Adirondacks, we get again that fertile vividness of landscape painting which was one of the great charms of his earlier book. But for the most part one notices

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a great change in method in these later society novels that already include *The Fighting Chance, The Younger Set, The Firing Line* and *The Danger Mark*. He has begun to take himself much more seriously; he no longer gives you the impression of deliberately having fun with his characters and situations; he is trying quite sincerely to handle social and ethical problems of real importance—and what is more, to handle them in the only way that is worth while—namely, by using for his setting the present-day social life in the city and among the people that he best knows. And for these reasons, the recent work of Mr. Chambers must be judged more strictly than his earlier volumes. Because he has become more ambitious, he must be held more closely to account for his deficiencies.

The four novels already mentioned have these points in common: The action is divided between the social whirl of New York and the country homes of the fashionable set; the central interest in each case is due to certain hereditary instincts or impulses which make it either inexpedient or impossible for a certain man and woman to marry. In two of the volumes, namely, *The Younger Set* and *The Firing Line*, they unwisely have married and the story itself largely hinges on problems raised subsequently by divorce. In *The Fighting Chance* and *The Danger Mark*, the problem is that of unfitness to marry, the only difference between the two volumes being that the one is the reverse of the other—the former presenting a case where the man inherits a craving for alcohol and the woman an abnormal instinct for the flattery and attentions of men, while in the latter it is the woman who is intemperate and the man whose gallantries are uncontrolled. Now it cannot be denied that these themes are eminently worth while; and that, if properly handled with adequate knowledge of life and sincerity of purpose, they might have given us something worthy of standing as an American substitute for the Continental type of analytical novel.

And it is precisely for this reason that one becomes every now and then mildly exasperated with Mr. Chambers. Not because his work is bad, but because one feels that it falls just short of being something a great deal better. *The Fighting Chance* and *The Danger Mark* are easily the best work that he has ever done—so much better than the two divorce problem novels that the latter may be left out of a discussion. You read along in *The Fighting Chance*, rather sceptically perhaps at the start, because of a conviction that it has been much overpraised by the general public. Then, little by little, you find it taking hold upon you because it has all of Mr. Chambers's earlier qualities and something new in addition—it has his pictorial vividness, his skilful light and shade, his rapidity of action, his mesmeric trick of making even the improbable seem quite matter of fact; and at the same time it reveals a new power of delineating character, of presenting us with people who are not merely types but individuals as well, people whose inward struggles and anxieties we feel a sudden eager desire to share. And then, all of a sudden, we run up against a paragraph or a chapter that gives us a shock because it seems so out of keeping with the rest of the picture, so clearly the sort of thing that people do not say or do. One charitably minded reader, who is at the same time a sincere admirer of Mr. Chambers at his best, explains these occasional notable lapses, at least so far as the dialogue is concerned, on the ground that the author at such times has contented himself with merely telling what his characters said, without taking the time or trouble to work up the still more important question of just how they really said it. In other words, the simplest explanation of the unevenness of style in *The Fighting Chance* is that Mr. Chambers, to borrow one of his own titles, permits himself at times to be A Young Man in a Hurry.

But the real reason why Mr. Chambers's studies of American life at times strike a note that we feel is off the key is this: His portraits of men are always a little stronger, surer, more convincing than those of his women. Study them all carefully from first to last, from his roughly blocked-in women of the Latin Quarter and the vaporous dream-maidens of his early fantasies down to the vibrant flesh-and-blood women of his latest book,

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and you feel that in varying degrees they all have one little defect; they are all of them rather what men like to think that women are than the actual women themselves; in their actions they live up to man's expectation of what they are going to do next rather than to woman's inalienable right to do the unexpected and illogical thing. Take, for example, *The Fighting Chance;* in substance it amounts to this: A young woman already pledged to a man enjoying all the advantages of wealth and position, one day meets another man, under the shadow of a heavy disgrace due to his intemperate habits. They are guests at the same house party, they are thrown much together, and within forty-eight hours she falls, unresisting, into his arms, and yields her lips as readily as any servant girl. Heredity, says the author; the girl cannot help it; the women in her family have for generations been all that they ought not to be. Nevertheless, the reader retorts, the girl does not become "all that she ought not to be." During the weeks that follow there is many a venturesome scene, many a dialogue between the two that skirts the edge of impropriety; but in spite of heredity, the lady never quite loses her head; and after they have all separated for the season and she knows quite well that the man she loves is drinking himself to death, when a word from her would stop him, she continues to wear the other man's large diamond and play her part in the social whirl; and only after the lapse of many months does it occur to her that she can effect the salvation of a human soul without in the least endangering her own reputation, by merely calling him up on the telephone and having a five minutes' chat. Now, this is not said to belittle Mr. Chambers's work; the greater part of it is exceedingly good —marvellously good when one considers that he is a romanticist suddenly turned psychologue. Only it does not seem that a real woman could have acted that way. She either would have flung discretion to the wind and done all sorts of mad things earlier in the game, and thrown the blame upon heredity; or else she would have had sufficient self-control to have kept her lips her own for somewhat longer than forty-eight hours.

III. His Future

It is always an interesting question—interesting largely because it is in a measure unanswerable—what position is going to be assigned by a later generation to any one of our contemporary novelists? As regards Mr. Chambers, there are just a few predictions which may be made without hesitation. As a writer of short stories, he has produced at least half a dozen that deserve to rank among the very best that American writers have produced, and any future collection of representative short stories cannot claim to be complete if it should happen to neglect his name. As a novelist, he has to face the handicap that must accompany too great an adaptability. With rare exceptions, the great names in fiction are of those writers whose work throughout has been fairly homogeneous —writers who have known from the beginning precisely what sort of books they wanted to write, and whose volumes have differed in degree and not in kind. Mr. Chambers has veered, and apparently with intention, in accordance with the breeze of popular demand. First, the French historical novel, then the Civil War story, and finally, when the demand was sufficiently emphatic, the contemporary society novel. In this last field, it would seem as though Mr. Chambers had, at length, found himself; and the fact that the last of the four books is the best and most sustained and most honest piece of work he has yet done affords solid ground for the belief that he has still better and maturer volumes yet to come. There is no valid reason why Mr. Chambers should not ultimately be remembered as the novelist who left behind him a comprehensive Human Comedy of New York.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

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GOLIAH

BY JACK LONDON

N 1924—to be precise, on the morning of January 3d—the city of San Francisco awoke to read in one of its daily papers a curious letter, which had been received by Walter Bassett and which had evidently been written by some crank. Walter Bassett was the greatest captain of industry west of the Rockies, and was one of the small group that controlled the nation in everything but name. As such, he was the recipient of lucubrations from countless cranks; but this particular lucubration was so different from the average ruck of similar letters that, instead of putting it into the waste basket, he had it turned over to a reporter. It was signed "Goliah," and the superscription gave his address as "Palgrave Island." The letter was as follows:

Mr. Walter Bassett.

DEAR SIR: I am inviting you, with nine of your fellow-captains of industry, to visit me here on my island for the purpose of considering plans for the reconstruction of society upon some rational basis. Up to the present, social evolution has been a blind and aimless blundering thing. The time has come for a change. Man has risen from the vitalised slime of the primeval sea to the mastery of matter; but he has not yet mastered society. Man is to-day as much the slave to his collective stupidity as a hundred thousand generations ago he was a slave to matter.

There are two theoretical methods whereby man may become the master of society and make of society an intelligent and efficacious device for the pursuit and capture of happiness and laughter. The first theory advances the proposition that no government can be wiser or better than the people that compose that government; that reform and development must spring from the individual; that in so far as individuals become wiser and better, by that much will their government become wiser and better; in short, that the majority of individuals must become wiser and better before their government becomes wiser and better. The mob, the political convention, the abysmal brutality and stupid ignorance of all concourses of people, give the lie to this theory. In a mob the collective intelligence and mercy is that of the least intelligent and most brutal members that compose the mob. On the other hand, a thousand passengers will surrender themselves to the wisdom and discretion of the captain when their ship is in a storm on the sea. In such a matter he is the wisest and most experienced among them.

The second theory advances the proposition that the majority of the people are not pioneers, that they are weighted down by the inertia of the established; that the government that is representative of them represents only their feebleness, and futility, and brutishness; that this blind thing called government is not the serf of their wills, but that they are the serfs of it; in short, speaking always of the great mass, that they do not make government, but that government makes them, and that government is, and has been, a stupid and awful monster, misbegotten of the glimmerings of intelligence that come from the inertia-crushed mass.

Personally, I incline to the second theory. Also, I am impatient. For a hundred thousand generations, from the first social groups of our savage forebears, government has remained a monster. To-day, the inertia-crushed mass has less laughter in it than ever before. In spite of man's mastery of matter, human suffering and misery and degradation mar the fair world.

Wherefore I have decided to step in and become captain of this world-ship for a while. I have the intelligence and the wide vision of the skilled expert. Also, I have the power. I shall be obeyed. The men of all the world shall perform my bidding and make governments so that they shall become laughter-producers. The remodelled governments I have in mind shall not make the people happy, wise, and noble by decree; but they shall give opportunity for the people to become happy, wise and noble.

I have spoken. I have invited you and nine of your fellow-captains to confer with me. On March 3d the yacht *Energon* will sail

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from San Francisco. You are requested to be on board the night before. This is serious. The affairs of the world must be handled for a time by a strong hand. Mine is that strong hand. If you fail to obey my summons, you will die. Candidly, I do not expect that you will obey. But your death for failure to obey will cause obedience on the part of those I subsequently summon. You will have served a purpose. And please remember that I have no unscientific sentimentality about the value of human life. I carry always in the background of my consciousness the innumerable billions of lives that are to laugh and be happy in future æons on the earth.

Yours for the reconstruction of society,

GOLIAH.

The publication of this letter did not cause even local amusement. Men might have smiled to themselves as they read it, but it was so palpably the handiwork of a crank that it did not merit discussion. Interest did not arouse till next morning. An Associated Press dispatch to the Eastern States, followed by interviews by eager-nosed reporters, had brought out the names of the other nine captains of industry who had received similar letters but who had not thought the matter of sufficient importance to be made public. But the interest aroused was mild, and it would have died out quickly had not Gabberton cartooned a chronic presidential aspirant as "Goliah." Then came the song that was sung hilariously from sea to sea, with the refrain, "Goliah will catch you if you don't watch out."

The weeks passed and the incident was forgotten. Walter Bassett had forgotten it likewise; but on the evening of February 22d, he was called to the telephone by the Collector of the Port. "I just wanted to tell you," said the latter, "that the yacht *Energon* has arrived and gone to anchor in the stream off Pier Seven."

What happened that night Walter Bassett has never divulged. But it is known that he rode down in his auto to the water-front, chartered one of Crowley's launches, and was put aboard the strange yacht. It is further known that when he returned to the shore, three hours later, he immediately dispatched a sheaf of telegrams to his nine fellow-captains of industry who had received letters from Goliah. These telegrams were similarly worded, and read: "The yacht *Energon* has arrived. There is something in this. I advise you to come."

Bassett was laughed at for his pains. It was a huge laugh that went up (for his telegrams had been made public), and the popular song on Goliah revived and became more popular than ever. Goliah and Bassett were cartooned and lampooned unmercifully, the former, as the Old Man of the Sea, riding on the latter's neck. The laugh tittered and rippled through clubs and social circles, was restrainedly merry in the editorial columns, and broke out in loud guffaws in the comic weeklies. There was a serious side as well, and Bassett's sanity was gravely questioned by many, and especially by his business associates.

Bassett had ever been a short-tempered man, and after he sent the second sheaf of telegrams to his brother captains, and had been laughed at again, he remained silent. In this second sheaf he had said: "Come, I implore you. As you value your life, come." He arranged all his business affairs for an absence, and on the night of March 2d went on board the *Energon*. The latter, properly cleared, sailed next morning. And next morning the newsboys in every city and town were crying "Extra."

In the slang of the day, Goliah had delivered the goods. The nine captains of industry who had failed to accept his invitation were dead. A sort of violent disintegration of the tissues was the report of the various autopsies held on the bodies of the slain millionaires; yet the surgeons and physicians (the most highly skilled in the land had participated) would not venture the opinion that the men had been slain. Much less would they venture the conclusion, "at the hands of parties unknown." It was all too mysterious. They were stunned. Their scientific credulity broke down. They had no warrant in the whole domain of science for believing that an anonymous person on Palgrave Island had murdered the poor gentlemen.

One thing was quickly learned, however, namely, that Palgrave Island was no myth. It was charted and well known to all navigators, lying on the line of 160

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west longitude, right at its intersection by the tenth parallel north latitude, and only a few miles away from Diana Shoal. Like Midway and Fanning, Palgrave Island was isolated, volcanic and coral in formation. Furthermore, it was uninhabited. A survey ship, in 1887, had visited the place and reported the existence of several springs and of a good harbour that was very dangerous of approach. And that was all that was known of the tiny speck of land that was soon to have focussed on it the awed attention of the world.

Goliah remained silent till March 24th. On the morning of that day, the newspapers published his second letter, copies of which had been received by the ten chief politicians of the United States—ten leading men in the political world who were conventionally known as "statesmen." The letter, with the same superscription as before, was as follows:

DEAR SIR: I have spoken in no uncertain tone. I must be obeyed. You may consider this an invitation or a summons; but if you still wish to tread this earth and laugh, you will be aboard the yacht *Energon,* in San Francisco Harbour, not later than the evening of April 5th. It is my wish and my will that you confer with me here on Palgrave Island in the matter of reconstructing society upon some rational basis.

Do not misunderstand me, when I tell you that I am one with a theory. I want to see that theory work, and therefore I call upon your co-operation. In this theory of mine, lives are but pawns; I deal with quantities of lives. I am after laughter, and those that stand in the way of laughter must perish. The game is big. There are fifteen hundred million human lives to-day on the planet. What is your single life against them? It is as naught, in my theory. And remember that mine is the power. Remember that I am a scientist, and that one life, or one million of lives, mean nothing to me as arrayed against the countless billions of billions of the lives of the generations to come. It is for their laughter that I seek to reconstruct society now; and against them your own meagre little life is a paltry thing indeed.

Whoso has power can command his fellows. By virtue of that military device known as the phalanx, Alexander conquered his bit of the world. By virtue of that chemical device, gunpowder, Cortes with his several hundred cutthroats conquered the empire of the Montezumas. Now I am in possession of a device that is all my own. In the course of a century not more than half a dozen fundamental discoveries or inventions are made. I have made such an invention. The possession of it gives me the mastery of the world. I shall use this invention, not for commercial exploitation, but for the good of humanity. For that purpose I want help—willing agents, obedient hands; and I am strong enough to compel the service. I am taking the shortest way, though I am in no hurry. I shall not clutter my speed with haste.

The incentive of material gain developed man from the savage to the semi-barbarian he is to-day. This incentive has been a useful device for the development of the human; but it has now fulfilled its function and is ready to be cast aside into the scrap-heap of rudimentary vestiges such as gills in the throat and belief in the divine right of kings. Of course you do not think so; but I do not see that that will prevent you from aiding me to fling the anachronism into the scrap-heap. For I tell you now that the time has come when more food and shelter and similar sordid things shall be automatic, as free and easy and involuntary of access as the air. I shall make them automatic, what of my discovery and the power that discovery gives me. And with food and shelter automatic, the incentive of material gain passes away from the world forever. With food and shelter automatic, the higher incentives will universally obtain—the spiritual, æsthetic, and intellectual incentives that will tend to develop and make beautiful and noble body, mind and spirit. Then all the world will be dominated by happiness and laughter. It will be the reign of universal laughter.

Yours for that day,

GOLIAH.

Still the world would not believe. The ten politicians were at Washington, so that they did not have the opportunity of being convinced that Bassett had had, and not one of them took the trouble to journey out to San Francisco to make the opportunity. As for Goliah, he was hailed by the newspapers as another Tom Lawson with a panacea; and there were specialists in mental disease who, by an-

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alysis of Goliah's letters, proved conclusively that he was a lunatic.

The yacht *Energon* arrived in the harbour of San Francisco on the afternoon of April 5th, and Bassett came ashore. But the *Energon* did not sail next day, for not one of the ten summoned politicians had elected to make the journey to Palgrave Island. The newsboys, however, called "Extra" that day in all the cities. The ten politicians were dead. The yacht, lying peacefully at anchor in the harbour, became the centre of excited interest. She was surrounded by a flotilla of launches and rowboats, and many tugs and steamboats ran excursions to her. While the rabble was firmly kept off, the proper authorities and even reporters were permitted to board her. The mayor of San Francisco and the chief of police reported that nothing suspicious was to be seen upon her, and the port authorities announced that her papers were correct and in order in every detail. Many photographs and columns of descriptive matter were run in the papers.

The crew was reported to be composed principally of Scandinavians—fair-haired, blue-eyed Swedes; Norwegians afflicted with the temperamental melancholy of their race; stolid Russian Finns; and a slight sprinkling of Americans and English. It was noted that there was nothing mercurial and fly-away about them. They seemed weighty men, oppressed by a sad and stolid bovine-sort of integrity. A sober seriousness and enormous certitude characterised all of them. They appeared men without nerves and without fear, as though upheld by some overwhelming power or carried in the hollow of some superhuman hand. The captain, a sad-eyed, strong-featured American, was cartooned in the papers as "Gloomy Gus" (the pessimistic hero of the comic supplement).

Some sea captain recognised the *Energon* as the yacht *Scud,* once owned by Merrivale of the New York Yacht Club. With this clew it was soon ascertained that the *Scud* had disappeared several years before. The agent who sold her reported the purchaser to be merely another agent, a man he had seen neither before nor since. The yacht had been reconstructed at Duffey's shipyard in New Jersey. The change in her name and registry occurred at that time and had been legally executed. Then the *Energon* had disappeared in the shroud of mystery.

In the meantime, Bassett was going crazy—at least his friends and business associates said so. He kept away from his vast business enterprises, and said that he must hold his hands until the other masters of the world could join with him in the reconstruction of society—proof indubitable that Goliah's bee had entered his bonnet. To reporters he had little to say. He was not at liberty, he said, to relate what he had seen on Palgrave Island; but he could assure them that the matter was serious, the most serious thing that had ever happened. His final word was that the world was on the verge of a turn-over, for good or ill he did not know, but, one way or the other, he was absolutely convinced that the turn-over was coming. As for business, business could go hang. He had seen things, he had, and that was all there was to it.

There was a great telegraphing, during this period, between the local Federal officials and the State and War Departments at Washington. A secret attempt was made late one afternoon to board the *Energon* and place the captain under arrest—the Attorney-General having given the opinion that the captain could be held for the murder of the ten "statesmen." The government launch was seen to leave Meigg's Wharf and steer for the *Energon,* and that was the last ever seen of the launch and the men on board of it. The Government tried to keep the affair hushed up, but the cat was slipped out of the bag by the families of the missing men and the papers were filled with monstrous versions of the affair.

The Government now proceeded to extreme measures. The battleship *Alaska* was ordered to capture the strange yacht, or, failing that, to sink her. These were secret instructions; but thousands of eyes, from the water-front and from the shipping in the harbour, witnessed what happened that afternoon. The battleship got under way and steamed slowly toward the *Energon.* At half a mile dis-

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tant the battleship blew up—simply blew up, that was all, her shattered frame sinking to the bottom of the bay, a riff-raff of wreckage and a few survivors strewing the surface. Among the survivors was a young lieutenant who had had charge of the wireless on board the *Alaska*. The reporters got hold of him first, and he talked. No sooner had the *Alaska* got under way, he said, than a message was received from the *Energon*. It was in the international code, and it was a warning to the *Alaska* to come no nearer than half a mile. He had sent the message, through the speaking tube, immediately to the captain. He did not know anything more, except that the *Energon* twice repeated the message and that five minutes afterward the explosion occurred. The captain of the *Alaska* had perished with his ship, and nothing more was to be learned.

The *Energon,* however, promptly hoisted anchor and cleared out to sea. A great clamour was raised by the papers; the Government was charged with cowardice and vacillation in its dealings with a mere pleasure yacht and a lunatic who called himself "Goliah," and immediate and decisive action was demanded. Also, a great howl went up about the loss of life, especially the wanton killing of the ten "statesmen." Goliah promptly replied. In fact, so prompt was his reply that the experts in wireless telegraphy announced that, since it was impossible to send wireless messages so great a distance, Goliah was in their very midst and not on Palgrave Island. Goliah's letter was delivered to the Associated Press by a messenger boy who had been engaged on the street. The letter was as follows:

What are a few paltry lives? In your insane wars you destroy millions of lives and think nothing of it. In your fratricidal commercial struggle you kill countless babes, women, and men, and you triumphantly call the shambles "individualism." I call it anarchy. I am going to put a stop to your wholesale destruction of human beings. I want laughter, not slaughter. Those of you who stand in the way of laughter will get slaughter.

Your government is trying to delude you into believing that the destruction of the *Alaska* was an accident. Know here and now that it was by my orders that the *Alaska* was destroyed. In a few short months, all battleships on all seas will be destroyed or flung to the scrap-heap, and all nations shall disarm; fortresses shall be dismantled, armies disbanded, and warfare shall cease from the earth. Mine is the power. I am the will of God. The whole world shall be in vassalage to me, but it shall be a vassalage of peace.

I am,

GOLIAH.

"Blow Palgrave Island out of the water!" was the head-line retort of the newspapers. The Government was of the same frame of mind, and the assembling of the fleets began. Walter Bassett broke out in ineffectual protest, but was swiftly squelched by the threat of a lunacy commission. Goliah remained silent. Against Palgrave Island five great fleets were hurled—the Asiatic Squadron, the South Pacific Squadron, the North Pacific Squadron, the Caribbean Squadron, and half of the North Atlantic Squadron, the two latter coming through the Panama Canal.

"I have the honour to report that we sighted Palgrave Island on the evening of April 29th," ran the report of Captain Johnson, of the battleship *North Dakota,* to the Secretary of the Navy. "The Asiatic Squadron was delayed and did not arrive until the morning of April 30th. A council of the admirals was held, and it was decided to attack early next morning. The destroyer *Swift VII* crept in, unmolested, and reported no warlike preparations on the island. It noted several small merchant steamers in the harbour, and the existence of a small village in a hopelessly exposed position that could be swept by our fire.

"It had been decided that all the vessels should rush in, scattered, upon the island, opening fire at three miles, and continuing to the edge of the reef, there to retain loose formation and engage. Palgrave Island repeatedly warned us, by wireless, in the international code, to keep outside the ten-mile limit; but no heed was paid to the warnings.

"The *North Dakota* did not take part in the movement of the morning of May 1st. This was due to a slight accident of the preceding night that temporarily disabled our

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steering-gear. The morning of May 1st broke clear and calm. There was a slight breeze from the southwest that quickly died away. The *North Dakota* lay twelve miles off the island. At the signal the squadrons charged in upon the island, from all sides, at full speed. Our wireless receiver continued to tick off warnings from the island. The ten-mile limit was passed, and nothing happened. I watched through my glasses. At five miles nothing happened; at four miles nothing happened; at three miles, the *New York,* in the lead on our side of the island, opened fire. She fired only one shot. Then she blew up. The rest of the vessels never fired a shot. They began to blow up, everywhere, before our eyes. Several swerved about and started back, but they failed to escape. The destroyer *Dart III* nearly made the ten-mile limit when she blew up. She was the last survivor. No harm came to the *North Dakota,* and that night, the steering gear being repaired, I gave orders to sail for San Francisco."

To say that the United States was stunned is but to expose the inadequacy of language. The whole world was stunned. It confronted that blight of the human brain, the unprecedented. Human endeavour was a jest, a monstrous futility, when a lunatic on a lonely island, who owned a yacht and an exposed village, could destroy five of the proudest fleets in Christendom. And how had he done it? Nobody knew. The scientists lay down in the dust of the common road and wailed and gibbered. They did not know. Military experts committed suicide by scores. The mighty fabric of warfare they had fashioned was a gossamer veil rent asunder by a miserable lunatic. It was too much for their sanity. Mere human reason could not withstand the shock. As the savage is crushed by the sleight-of-hand of the witch-doctor, so was the world crushed by the magic of Goliah. How did he do it? It was the awful face of the Unknown upon which the world gazed and by which it was frightened out of the memory of its proudest achievements.

But all the world was not stunned. There was the invariable exception—the Island Empire of Japan. Drunken with the wine of success deep-quaffed, without superstition and without faith in aught but its own ascendant star, laughing at the wreckage of science and mad with pride of race, it went forth upon the way of war. America's fleets had been destroyed. From the battlements of heaven the multitudinous ancestral shades of Japan leaned down. The opportunity, God-given, had come. The Mikado was in truth a brother to the gods.

The war-monsters of Japan were loosed in mighty fleets. The Philippines were gathered in as a child gathers a nosegay. It took longer for the battleships to travel to Hawaii, to Panama, and to the Pacific Coast. The United States was panic-stricken, and there arose the powerful party of dishonourable peace. In the midst of the clamour the *Energon* arrived in San Francisco Bay and Goliah spoke once more. There was a little brush as the *Energon* came in, and a few explosions of magazines occurred along the war-tunnelled hills as the coast defences went to smash. Also, the blowing up of the submarine mines in the Golden Gate made a remarkably fine display. Goliah's message to the people of San Francisco, dated as usual from Palgrave Island, was published in the papers. It ran:

Peace? Peace be with you. You shall have peace. I have spoken to this purpose before. And give you me peace. Leave my yacht *Energon* alone. Commit one overt act against her and not one stone in San Francisco shall stand upon another.

To-morrow let all good citizens go out upon the hills that slope down to the sea. Go with music and laughter and garlands. Make festival for the new age that is dawning. Be like children upon your hills, and witness the passing of war. Do not miss the opportunity. It is your last chance to behold what henceforth you will be compelled to seek in museums of antiquities.

I promise you a merry day.

GOLIAH.

II

The madness of magic was in the air. With the people it was as if all their gods had crashed and the heavens still stood. Order and law had passed away from the universe; but the sun still shone, the wind

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still blew, the flowers still bloomed—that was the amazing thing about it. That water should continue to run down hill was a miracle. All the stabilities of the human mind and human achievement were crumbling. The one stable thing that remained was Goliah, a madman on an island. And so it was that the whole population of San Francisco went forth next day in colossal frolic upon the hills that overlooked the sea. Brass bands and banners went forth, brewery wagons and Sunday-school picnics—all the strange heterogeneous groupings of swarming metropolitan life.

From the sea-rim rose the smoke from the funnels of a hundred hostile vessels of war, all converging upon the helpless, undefended Golden Gate. And not all undefended, for out through the Golden Gate moved the *Energon,* a tiny toy of white, rolling like a straw in the stiff sea on the bar where the strong ebb-tide ran in the teeth of the summer sea-breeze. But the Japanese were cautious. Their thirty- and forty-thousand-ton battleships slowed down half a dozen miles off-shore and manœuvred in ponderous evolutions, while tiny scout-boats (lean, six-funnelled destroyers) ran in, cutting blackly the flashing sea like so many sharks. But, compared with the *Energon,* they were leviathians. Compared with them, the *Energon* was as the sword of the archangel Michael, and they the forerunners of the hosts of hell.

But the flashing of the sword, the good people of San Francisco, gathered on her hills, never saw. Mysterious, invisible, it cleaved the air and smote the mightiest blows of combat the world had ever witnessed. The good people of San Francisco saw little and understood less. They saw only a million and a half of tons of brine-cleaving, thunder-flinging fabrics hurled skyward and smashed back in ruin to sink into the sea. It was all over in five minutes. Remained upon the wide expanse of sea only the *Energon,* rolling white and toy-like on the bar.

Goliah spoke to the Mikado and the Elder Statesmen. It was only an ordinary cable message, dispatched from San Francisco by the captain of the *Energon;* but it was of sufficient moment to cause the immediate withdrawal of Japan from the Philippines and of her surviving fleets from the sea. Japan the sceptical was converted. She had felt the weight of Goliah's arm. And meekly she obeyed when Goliah commanded her to dismantle her war vessels and to convert the metal into useful appliances for the arts of peace. In all the ports, navy-yards, machine-shops and foundries of Japan tens of thousands of brown-skinned artisans converted the war-monsters into myriads of useful things such as ploughshares (Goliah insisted on ploughshares), gasolene engines, bridge-trusses, telephone and telegraph wire, steel rails, locomotives, and rolling stock for railways. It was a world-penance for a world to see, and paltry indeed it made appear that earlier penance, barefooted in the snow, of an emperor to a pope for daring to squabble over temporal power.

Goliah's next summons was to the ten leading scientists of the United States. This time there was no hesitancy in obeying. The savants were ludicrously prompt, some of them waiting in San Francisco for weeks so as not to miss the scheduled sailing-date. They departed on the *Energon* on June 15th; and while they were on the sea, on the way to Palgrave Island, Goliah performed another spectacular feat. Germany and France were preparing to fly at each other's throats. Goliah commanded peace. They ignored the command, tacitly agreeing to fight it out on land, where it seemed safer for the belligerently inclined. Goliah set the date of June 19th for the cessation of hostile preparations. Both countries mobilised their armies on June 18th and hurled them at the common frontier. And on June 19th Goliah struck. All generals, war secretaries and jingo leaders in the two countries died on that day; and that day two vast armies, undirected, like strayed sheep, walked over each other's frontiers and fraternised. But the great German War Lord had escaped—it was learned, afterward, by hiding in the huge safe where were stored the secret archives of his empire. And when he emerged he was a very penitent war lord, and like the Mikado of Japan he was set to work beating his sword-blades into ploughshares and pruning-hooks.

But in the escape of the German Em-

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peror was discovered a great significance. The scientists of the world plucked up courage, got back their nerve. One thing was conclusively evident—Goliah's power was not magic. Law still reigned in the universe. Goliah's power had limitations, else had the German Emperor not escaped by secretly hiding in a steel safe. Many learned articles on the subject appeared in the magazines.

The ten scientists arrived back from Palgrave Island on July 6th. Heavy platoons of police protected them from the reporters. No, they had not seen Goliah, they said in the one official interview that was vouchsafed; but they had talked with him, and they had seen things. They were not permitted to state definitely all that they had seen and heard, but they could say that the world was about to be revolutionised. Goliah was in the possession of a tremendous discovery that placed all the world at his mercy, and it was a good thing for the world that Goliah was merciful. The ten scientists proceeded directly to Washington on a special train, where, for days, they were closeted with the heads of government, while the nation hung breathless on the outcome.

But the outcome was a long time in arriving. From Washington the President issued commands to the masters and leading figures of the nation. Everything was secret. Day by day deputations of bankers, railway lords, captains of industry, and Supreme Court justices arrived; and when they arrived they remained. The weeks dragged on, and then, on August 25th, began the famous issuance of proclamations. Congress and the Senate co-operated with the President in this, while the Supreme Court justices gave their sanction and the money-lords and the captains of industry agreed. War was declared upon the capitalist masters of the nation. Martial law was declared over the whole United States. The supreme power was vested in the President.

In one day child labour in the whole country was abolished. It was done by decree, and the United States was prepared with its army to enforce its decrees. In the same day all women factory workers were dismissed to their homes, and all the sweat-shops were closed. "But we cannot make profits!" wailed the petty capitalists. "Fools!" was the retort of Goliah. "As if the meaning of life were profits. Give up your businesses and your profit-mongering." "But there is nobody to buy our businesses!" they wailed. "Buy and sell—is that all the meaning life has for you?" replied Goliah. "You have nothing to sell. Turn over your little cut-throating, anarchistic businesses to the Government so that they may be rationally organised and operated." And the next day, by decree, the Government began taking possession of all factories, shops, mines, ships, railroads, and producing lands.

The nationalisation of the means of production and distribution went on apace. Here and there were sceptical capitalists of moment. They were made prisoners and haled to Palgrave Island, and when they returned they always acquiesced in what the Government was doing. A little later the journey to Palgrave Island became unnecessary. When objection was made, the reply of the officials was: "Goliah has spoken"—which was another way of saying, "He must be obeyed."

The captains of industry became heads of departments. It was found that civil engineers, for instance, worked just as well in government employ as, before, they had worked in private employ. It was found that men of high executive ability could not violate their nature. They couldn't escape exercising their executive ability, any more than a crab could escape crawling or a bird could escape flying. And so it was that all the splendid force of the men who had previously worked for themselves was now put to work for the good of society. The half-dozen great railway chiefs co-operated in the organising of a national system of railways that was amazingly efficacious. Never again was there such a thing as a car shortage. These chiefs were not the Wall Street railway magnates, but they were the men who formerly had done the real work while in the employ of the Wall Street magnates.

Wall Street was dead. There was no more buying and selling and speculating. Nobody had anything to buy or sell. There

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was nothing in which to speculate. "Put the stock-gamblers to work," said Goliah; "give those that are young, and that so desire, a chance to learn useful trades." "Put the drummers, and salesmen, and advertising agents, and real estate agents to work," said Goliah; and by hundreds of thousands the erstwhile gentlemen and [illegible] useful occupations. [illegible] hundred thousand idle gentlemen [illegible] country who had lived upon it [illegible] were likewise put to work. Then there were a lot of helpless men in high places who were cleared out, the remarkable thing about this being that they were cleared out by their own fellows. Of this class were the professional politicians, whose wisdom and power consisted of manipulating machine-politics and grafting. There was no longer any graft. Since there were no private interests to purchase special privileges, no bribes were offered to legislators, and legislators for the first time legislated for the people. The result was that men who were efficient, not in corruption, but in direction, found their way into the legislatures.

With this rational organisation of society amazing results were brought about. The national day's work was eight hours, and yet production increased. In spite of the great permanent improvements and of the immense amount of energy consumed in systematising the competitive chaos of society, production doubled and tripled upon itself. The standard of living increased, and still consumption could not keep up with production. The maximum working-age was decreased to fifty years, to forty-nine years, and to forty-eight years. The minimum working age went up from sixteen years to eighteen years. The eight-hour day became a seven-hour day, and in a few months the national working day was reduced to five hours.

In the meantime glimmerings were being caught, not of the identity of Goliah, but of how he had worked and prepared for his assuming control of the world. Little things leaked out, clews were followed up, apparently unrelated things were pieced together. Strange stories of blacks stolen from Africa were remembered, of Chinese and Japanese contract coolies, who had mysteriously disappeared, of lonely South Sea islands raided and their inhabitants carried away; stories of yachts and merchant steamers, mysteriously purchased, that had disappeared and the descriptions of which remotely tallied with the crafts that had carried the Orientals, and Africans, and islanders away. Where had Goliah got the sinews of war? was the question. And the surmised answer was: By exploiting these stolen labourers. It was they that lived in the exposed village on Palgrave Island. It was the product of their toil that had purchased the yachts and merchant steamers and enabled Goliah's agents to permeate society and carry out his will. And what was the product of their toil that had given Goliah the wealth necessary to realise his plans? Commercial radium, the newspapers proclaimed; and radiyte, and radiosole, and argatium, and argyte, and the mysterious golyte (that had proved so valuable in metallurgy). These were the new compounds, discovered in the first decade of the twentieth century, the commercial and scientific use of which had become so enormous in the second decade.

The line of fruit boats that ran from Hawaii to San Francisco was declared to be the property of Goliah. This was a surmise, for no other owner could be discovered, and the agents who handled the shipments of the fruit boats were only agents. Since no one else owned the fruit boats, then Goliah must own them. The point of which is: *that it leaked out that the major portion of the world's supply in these precious compounds was brought to San Francisco by those very fruit boats.* That the whole chain of surmise was correct was proved in later years when Goliah's slaves were liberated and honourably pensioned by the international government of the world. It was at that time that the seal of secrecy was lifted from the lips of his agents and higher emissaries, and those that chose revealed much of the mystery of Goliah's organisation and methods. His destroying angels, however, remained forever dumb. Who the men were who went forth to the high places and killed at his bidding will be unknown to the end of

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time—for kill they did, by means of that very subtle and then mysterious force that Goliah had discovered and named "Energon."

But at that time Energon, the little giant that was destined to do the work of the world, was unknown and undreamed of. Only Goliah knew, and he kept his secret well. Even his agents, who were armed with it, and who, in the case of the yacht *Energon,* destroyed a mighty fleet of warships by exploding their magazines, knew not what the subtle and potent force was, nor how it was manufactured. They knew only one of its many uses, and in that one use they had been instructed by Goliah. It is now well known that radium, and radiyte, and radiosole, and all the other compounds were by-products of the manufacture of Energon by Goliah from the sunlight; but at that time nobody know what Energon was, and Goliah continued to awe and rule the world.

One of the uses of Energon was in wireless telegraphy. It was by its means that Goliah was able to communicate with his agents all over the world. At that time the apparatus required by an agent was so clumsy that it could not be packed in anything less than a fair-sized steamer-trunk. To-day, thanks to the improvements of Mendsoll, the perfected apparatus can be carried in a coat-pocket.

It was in December, 1924, that Goliah sent out his famous "Christmas Letter," part of the text of which is here given:

So far, while I have kept the rest of the nations from each other's throats, I have devoted myself particularly to the United States. Now I have not given to the people of the United States a rational social organisation. What I have done has been to compel them to construct that organisation themselves. There is more laughter in the United States these days, and there is more sense. Food and shelter are no longer obtained by the anarchistic methods of so-called individualism, but are now well-nigh automatic. And the beauty of it is that the people of the United States have achieved all this for themselves. I did not achieve it for them. I repeat, they achieved it for themselves. All that I did was to put the fear of death in the hearts of the few that sat in the high places and obstructed the coming of rationality and laughter. The fear of death made those in the high places get out of the way, that was all, and gave the intelligence of man a chance to realise itself socially.

In the year that is to come I shall devote myself to the rest of the world. I shall put the fear of death in the hearts of all that sit in the high places in all the nations. And they will do as they have done in the United States—get down out of the high places and give the intelligence of man a chance for social rationality. All the nations shall tread the path the United States is now on.

And when all the nations are well along on that path, I shall have something else for them. But first they must travel that path for themselves. They must demonstrate that the intelligence of mankind to-day, with the mechanical energy now at its disposal, is capable of organising society so that food and shelter be made automatic, labour be reduced to a three-hour day, and joy and laughter be made universal. And when that is accomplished, not by me but by the intelligence of mankind, then I shall make a present to the world of a new mechanical energy. This is my discovery. This Energon is nothing more or less than the cosmic energy that resides in the solar rays. When it is harnessed by mankind it will do the work of the world. There will be no more multitudes of miners slaving out their lives in the bowels of the earth, no more sooty firemen and greasy engineers. All may dress in white, if they so will. The work of life will have become play, and young and old will be the children of joy, and the business of living will become joy; and they will compete, one with another, in achieving ethical concepts and spiritual heights, in fashioning pictures, and songs, and stories, in state-craft and beauty-craft, in the sweat and the endeavour of the wrestler and the runner and the player of games—all will compete, not for sordid coin and base material reward, but for the joy that shall be theirs in the development and vigor of flesh and in the development and keenness of spirit. All will be joy-smiths, and their task shall be to beat out laughter from the ringing anvil of life.

And now one word for the immediate future. On New Year's Day all nations shall disarm, all fortresses and warships shall be dismantled, and all armies shall be disbanded.

GOLIAH.

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On New Year's day all the world disarmed. The millions of soldiers and sailors and workmen in the standing armies, in the navies, and in the countless arsenals, machine-shops and factories for the manufacture of war-machinery, were dismissed to their homes. These many millions of men, as well as their costly war machinery, had hitherto been supported on the back of labour. They now went into useful occupations, and the released labour giant heaved a mighty sigh of relief. The policing of the world was left to the peace officers and was purely social, whereas war had been distinctly anti-social.

Ninety per cent. of the crimes against society had been crimes against private property. With the passing of private property, at least in the means of production, and with the organisation of industry that gave every man a chance, the crimes against private property practically ceased. The police forces everywhere were reduced repeatedly and again and again. Nearly all occasional and habitual criminals ceased voluntarily from their depredations. There was no longer any need for them to commit crime. They merely changed with changing conditions. A smaller number of criminals was put into hospitals and cured. And the remnant of the hopelessly criminal and degenerate was segregated. And the courts in all countries were likewise decreased in number again and again. Ninety-five per cent. of all civil cases had been squabbles over property, conflicts of property-rights, lawsuits, contests of wills, breaches of contract, bankruptcies, etc. With the passing of private property, this ninety-five per cent. of the cases that cluttered the courts also passed. The courts became shadows, attenuated ghosts, rudimentary vestiges of the anarchistic times that had preceded the coming of Goliah.

The year 1925 was a lively year in the world's history. Goliah ruled the world with a strong hand. Kings and emperors journeyed to Palgrave Island, saw the wonders of Energon, and went away with the fear of death in their hearts, to abdicate thrones and crowns and hereditary licenses. When Goliah spoke to politicians (so-called "statesmen"), they obeyed—or died. He dictated universal reforms, dissolved refractory parliaments, and to the great conspiracy that was formed of mutinous money lords and captains of industry he sent his destroying angels. "The time is past for fooling," he told them. "You are anachronisms. You stand in the way of humanity. To the scrap-heap with you." To those that protested, and they were many, he said: "This is no time for logomanchy. You can argue for centuries. It is what you have done in the past. I have no time for argument. Get out of the way."

With the exception of putting a stop to war, and of indicating the broad general plan, Goliah did nothing. By putting the fear of death into the hearts of those that sat in the high places and obstructed progress, Goliah made the opportunity for the unshackled intelligence of the best social thinkers of the world to exert itself. Goliah left all the multitudinous details of reconstruction to these social thinkers. He wanted them to prove that they were able to do it, and they proved it. It was due to their initiative that consumption was stamped out from the world. It was due to them, and in spite of a deal of protesting from the sentimentalists, that all the extreme hereditary inefficients were segregated and denied marriage.

Goliah had nothing whatever to do with the instituting of the Colleges of Invention. This idea originated practically simultaneously in the minds of thousands of social thinkers. The time was ripe for the realisation of the idea, and everywhere arose the splendid institutions of invention. For the first time the ingenuity of man was loosed upon the problem of simplifying life, instead of upon the making of money-earning devices. The affairs of life, such as housecleaning, dish- and window-washing, dust-removing and scrubbing and clothes-washing, and all the endless sordid and necessary details, were simplified by invention until they became automatic. We of to-day cannot realise the barbarously filthy and slavish lives of those that lived prior to 1925.

The international government of the world was another idea that sprang simultaneously into the minds of thou-

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sands. The successful realisation of this idea was a surprise to many, but as a surprise it was nothing to that received by the mildly-protestant sociologists and biologists when irrefutable facts exploded the doctrine of Malthus. With leisure and joy in the world; with an immensely higher standard of living; and with the enormous spaciousness of opportunity for recreation, development, and pursuit of beauty and nobility and all the higher attributes, the birth-rate fell, and fell astoundingly. People ceased breeding like cattle. And better than that, it was immediately noticeable that a higher average of children was being born. The doctrine of Malthus was knocked into a cocked hat—or flung to the scrap-heap, as Goliah would have put it.

All that Goliah had predicted that the intelligence of mankind could accomplish with the mechanical energy at its disposal came to pass. Human dissatisfaction practically disappeared. The elderly people were the great grumblers; but when they were honourably pensioned by society, as they passed the age-limit for work, the great majority ceased grumbling. They found themselves better off in their idle old days under the new régime, enjoying vastly more pleasures and comforts than they had in their busy and toilsome youth under the old régime. The younger generation had easily adapted itself to the changed order, and the very young had never known anything else. The sum of human happiness had increased enormously. The world had become gay and sane. Even the old fogies of professors of sociology, who had opposed with might and main the coming of the new régime, made no complaint. They were a score of times better remunerated than in the old days, and they were not worked nearly so hard. Besides, they were busy revising sociology and writing new text-books on the subject. Here and there, it is true, there were atavisms, men who yearned for the flesh-pots and cannibal-feasts of the old alleged "individualism," creatures long of tooth and savage of claw who wanted to prey upon their fellow-men; but they were looked upon as diseased, and were treated in hospitals. A small remnant, however, proved incurable, and was confined in asylums and denied marriage. Thus, there was no progeny to inherit their atavistic tendencies.

As the years went by, Goliah dropped out of the running of the world. There was nothing for him to run. The world was running itself, and doing it smoothly and beautifully. In 1937, Goliah made his long-promised present of Energon to the world. He himself had devised a thousand ways in which the little giant should do the work of the world—all of which he made public at the same time. But instantly the colleges of invention seized upon Energon and utilised it in a hundred thousand additional ways. In fact, as Goliah confessed in his letter of March, 1938, the colleges of invention cleared up several puzzling features of Energon that had baffled him during the preceding years. With the introduction of the use of Energon the two-hour work day was cut down almost to nothing. As Goliah had predicted, work indeed became play. And, so tremendous was man's productive capacity, due to Energon and the rational social utilisation of it, that the humblest citizen enjoyed leisure and time and opportunity for an immensely greater abundance of living than had the most favoured under the old anarchistic system.

Nobody had ever seen Goliah, and all peoples began to clamour for their saviour to appear. While the world did not minimise his discovery of Energon, it was decided that greater than that was his wide social vision. He was a superman, a scientific superman; and the curiosity of the world to see him had become well-nigh unbearable. It was in 1941, after much hesitancy on his part, that he finally emerged from Palgrave Island. He arrived on June 6th in San Francisco, and for the first time, since his retirement to Palgrave Island, the world looked upon his face. And the world was disappointed. Its imagination had been touched. An heroic figure had been made out of Goliah. He was the man, or the demi-god, rather, who had turned the planet over. The deeds of Alexander, Cæsar, Genghis Khan, and Napoleon were as the play of babes alongside his colossal achievements.

And ashore in San Francisco and

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through its streets stopped and rode a little old man, sixty-five years of age, well preserved, with a pink-and-white complexion and a bald spot on his head the size of an apple. He was short-sighted and wore spectacles. But when the spectacles were removed, his were quizzical blue eyes like a child's, filled with mild wonder at the world. Also, his eyes had a way of twinkling, accompanied by a screwing up of the face, as if he laughed at the huge joke he had played upon the world, trapping it, in spite of itself, into happiness and laughter.

For a scientific superman and world-tyrant, he had remarkable weaknesses. He loved sweets, and was inordinately fond of salted almonds and salted pecans, especially of the latter. He always carried a paper-bag of them in his pocket, and he had a way of saying frequently that the chemism of his nature demanded such fare. Perhaps his most astonishing failing was cats. He had an ineradicable aversion to that domestic animal. It will be remembered that he fainted dead away with sudden fright, while speaking in Brotherhood Palace, when the janitor's cat walked out upon the stage and brushed against his legs.

But no sooner had he revealed himself to the world than he was identified. Old-time friends had no difficulty in recognising him as Percival Stultz, the German-American who, in 1898, had worked in the Union Iron Works, and who, for two years at that time, had been secretary of Branch 389 of the International Brotherhood of Machinists. It was in 1901, then twenty-five years of age, that he had taken special scientific courses at the University of California, at the same time supporting himself by soliciting what was then known as "life insurance." His records as a student are preserved in the university museum, and they are unenviable. He is remembered by the professors he sat under, chiefly for his absent-mindedness. Undoubtedly, even then he was catching glimpses of the wide visions that later were to be his.

His naming himself "Goliah" and shrouding himself in mystery was his little joke, he later explained. As Goliah, or any other thing like that, he said, he was able to touch the imagination of the world and turn it over; but as Percival Stultz, wearing side-whiskers and spectacles and weighing one hundred and eighteen pounds, he would have been unable to turn over a pecan—"not even a salted pecan."

But the world quickly got over its disappointment in his personal appearance and antecedents. It knew him and revered him as the master-mind of the ages; and it loved him for himself, for his quizzical short-sighted eyes and the inimitable way in which he screwed up his face when he laughed; it loved him for his simplicity, and comradeship, and warm humanness, and for his fondness for salted pecans and his aversion to cats. And to-day, in the wonder city of Asgard, rises in awful beauty that monument to him that dwarfs the pyramids and all the monstrous blood-stained monuments of antiquity. And on that monument, as all know, is inscribed in imperishable bronze the prophecy and the fulfilment: "ALL WILL BE JOY-SMITHS, AND THEIR TASK SHALL BE TO BEAT OUT LAUGHTER FROM THE RINGING ANVIL OF LIFE."

EDITORIAL NOTE.—*This remarkable production is the work of Harry Beckwith, a student in the Lowell High School, of San Francisco, and it is here reproduced chiefly because of the youth of its author. Far be it from our policy to burden our readers with ancient history; and when it is known that Harry Beckwith was only fifteen when the foregoing was written, our motive will be understood. "Goliah" won the Premier for high school composition in 2254, and last year Harry Beckwith took advantage of the privilege earned, by electing to spend six months in Asgard. The wealth of historical detail, the atmosphere of the times, and the mature style of the composition are especially noteworthy in one so young.*

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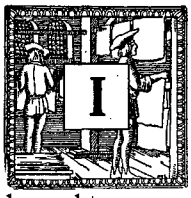
THE AMERICAN NOVEL IN ENGLAND



N 1895 I was calling at the Henry Labouchères in London when my hostess remarked with great pride: "The charming Mrs. Wiggin called on me yesterday and brought me a copy of *Timothy's Quest*. I was devoured with jealousy, for although I had been publishing for some time I had not yet "arrived." It was also my first intimation that any of the second car-load, so to speak, of American authors had obtained a real foothold in England. Of course, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Mr. James, Mr. Howells and Mrs. Burnett had long since been accepted, the second having a far more faithful public than at home. But several years before, when William Sharp "discovered" me, after the republication of my first two little books in England, he had some trouble persuading *The Academy* and other publications to give him space for review, owing partly to the fact that they were not brought out by one of the great houses (this was before the international copyright treaty), partly because they were by an unknown American. No doubt the first cause of the prejudice toward American writers at this time grew out of that same absence of a copyright treaty, for the American publishers were pirating by wholesale. The English hit back where they could: the older group being too well established to oppose, the younger fry paid the bill. *Timothy's Quest,* however, had captured the hearts of the young folk and of not a few of their parents. Mrs. Wiggin followed up that success some years later with the "Penelope" books, then with *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,* which everybody was quoting within a month of its appearance. Mrs. Wiggin is one of the very few American writers who have "held on" in England. Many have had a striking success with one book, and been ignored ever after. In India, Africa, Australia her books have met with an equally pleasant fate; and as this vogue has now lasted for some fifteen years there can be no question in anybody's mind but that it is an honest success, won by talent, human sympathy, and hard work; not the result of dishonest or mistaken booming. Heaven, what a relief it is to write that about some one! I once wrote of one of my characters (an author): "His past was strewn with the headstones of geniuses long since forgotten." I was thinking of myself. When abroad for eight or ten months, sometimes two years at a time, I take pains to hear as little news of the feverish literary world as possible. Invariably when I return I listen to the story of the rise, fall, decapitation and burial of "One of the 'greatest,' or 'most distinguished,' or 'most vital,' or 'most significant' writers of our century." A few, a very few, like the brook, go on for ever.

When *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* was put on the boards in London, what between its singular resemblances in title and plot, and the popularity of Mrs. Wiggin, it was inevitable that the author of *The Birds' Christmas Carol* should be saddled with it. One woman said to me: "What a pity that an author

EDITORIAL NOTE. *There is no American writer to-day so well qualified to speak of the American novel in England as Mrs. Atherton. Her residences in London at various times, and the English popularity of her own books, give her a distinct authority on this subject. The late George Meredith, according to the recent "Life," always placed her first among living American novelists. During both of his visits to the United States Lord Northcliffe told the interviewers, when literary matters came up, that Mrs. Atherton was more read in England than any other American writer of fiction. "The Conqueror" has been recommended as a text book as giving the only concrete, and, at the same time, historically correct, picture of Alexander Hamilton.*

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so truly literary and with a touch all her own should go off like that!" I was not the only one called upon to make the necessary explanation, and, no doubt, the English, who even confuse the two Winston Churchills, have worked out the puzzle by this time. Unless I am mistaken, also, *A Cathedral Courtship* and the "Penelope" books were the first of the travel-stories of which there are now so many. As nearly as I can recall, it was in *Punch* that Mrs. Wiggin received her first welcome from the British press.

The Vogue of Bret Harte

At that time scarcely a magazine or illustrated weekly appeared in London without a story by Bret Harte. How he kept it up, that constant remodelling of old material, will always remain one of the mysteries of literature. He had a small group of characters, a locale about a mile square, a brief era, and an acquaintance with only those orthodox characteristics that rise, discreetly and without subtlety, from the fundamental instincts, and are as easily manufactured from a recipe as studied from life. And yet even to the Californian his stories seemed always fresh and fragrant, while as for the English, they never could get enough of him. After his death I used to wonder how the editors managed without their "steady." I saw him once only, at a reception; he was a small but very distinguished looking man with thick silver hair and the tightest patent leather shoes imaginable. He had been very popular socially, but was then going out little. I wanted to know him, not only because at that time he seemed to me to epitomise California, but because he had been a friend of my grandfather and husband, and had put my oldest sister-in-law (a great belle in her day) into two of his stories. Naturally he called, but I was out; then he went off to the country, and soon after he died. I had several letters from him (in a microscopic hand), but, of course, they were begged from me by autograph fiends.

England Claims James

Henry James is England's own. They chose to forget long since that he was born in America, and after his recent experience with the American reporter, no doubt he chooses to forget it himself. He is not merely popular, run after, in London; he rejoices in a very large number of devoted friends and personal admirers in both the fashionable and artistic worlds. He has a house at Rye, and a room at his club in London, and no doubt could dine out every night during the two seasons did he care to martyrise himself to that extent. His sales are not large, but no author is more constantly discussed.

It is very difficult for any one living in London to gauge an author's sales by his vogue in that great capital. The various circles like many books the provinces never hear of. London is hypercivilised, the provinces are conservative and orthodox. Children are children everywhere, so that the youngsters of Great Britain, generally, take to Mrs. Wiggin. The provincial parent likes Winston Churchill's novels much for the same reasons that our own middle class do: they are solid, painstaking, high-minded works of fiction, and full of information. Crawford they like because he is a yarn spinner pure and simple, and an American in name only. Both of these writers sell about twenty thousand copies of each of their books, a large sale for England.

Lane Allen and Thompson Seton

James Lane Allen is another American author who has had a steady vogue since the appearance of his *Choir Invisible* some ten or eleven years ago. I have no means of knowing how far into the depths of Great Britain his fame reaches, but as his publishers list him yearly, it is to be supposed that his old books sell as well as his new, and widely. He is also beloved of the critic, who often swears softly at Henry James.

Ernest Thompson Seton, although born in Great Britain, and of an historic family, ranks even in his native land as an American. We discovered his talents when his own country was blind, made his fame and his fortune, and now England is vastly proud of him and knows as much about American wild animals as we do ourselves. His wife, Grace Gallatin Seton, has also published suc-

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cessfully her two books, *A Woman Tenderfoot* and *A Nimrod's Wife,* in England, with the best publishers.

Mrs. Craigie's Activities

The late Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) was never regarded as an American writer in England, although the fact was found useful for advertising purposes here. She was born in Boston, but went to England as a baby, and was more English than the English. Her vogue was confined almost entirely to London, and was largely the result of remarkably clever advertising and steady booming. Her long books had small sales even in London, and it was the general opinion that if she had continued to write the brilliant epigrammatic novelettes with which she began, she would have had a more protracted vogue. But she strained her charming but slender gift in the delusive hope of becoming "great," and bored her public. Her social success was immense, and she wore herself out by giving herself all the time. A brilliant talker and devoted to society, she entertained constantly, went everywhere, knew everybody, lectured, presided over committees and cults, was even more musical than literary, was always keyed up, did more than a woman of three times her strength and size could stand. She was a frail little creature, undistinguished in appearance save for a pair of magnificent black eyes and a mop of black hair. Her boom bred the inevitable reaction, and her last years were full of disappointment; but she died lamented by many devoted friends.

Mary Wilkins and Amélie Rives

It was about 1896 that Mary Wilkins's vogue was at its height in England. She had been read before and is still read to some extent, but people were very much excited over *Madelon* and *Pembroke* at that time, and curious about the personality of this fascinating writer. She was more read in artistic London and in the provinces, never possessing a strong attraction for the highly sophisticated. Still, these read her for a time, and admired her technique and power of characterisation.

The Quick or the Dead took a whirl at London, and its author, then Mrs. Chanler, when she followed in its wake, was made much of by the now disbanded "Souls." She had her opportunity there as here to make a place for herself, for she had a vivid and picturesque talent. What was necessary to cultivate was her brain, and this apparently has never occurred to her or her editors. But for any woman so pretty and so fascinating, there was a great deal of excuse, and those are talents in themselves.

Elizabeth Jordan is another of the small list of American authors with a niche in the English *Who's Who;* and, also a writer for girls, won popularity with *May Iverson: Her Book.* She has also published many short stories in the London magazines. When these are collected in book form the public will get a more comprehensive idea of her quality. She was long since recognised by the Lyceum Club.

"The Virginian" and Mrs. Wharton

One day, while calling in London, an Englishwoman came up to me exclaiming: "And do tell me something about my dear darling 'Virginian'! Is he real? Will there be any more about him?" It may interest Mr. Wister to know that the lady was young, handsome, and the wife of a court official. *The Virginian* had an immense vogue in London, and, no doubt, a large sale; this, between Mudie and a dual public, does not always follow; not by any means.

G. W. Smalley "discovered" Edith Wharton to the British public, making constant complimentary mention of her in his letters to the London *Times.* But although her short stories and *The Valley of Decision* were deservedly praised by the critics, the public did not nibble until she published *The House of Mirth,* when, like their American cousins, they enjoyed the raking New York society got at the hands of one in a position to know.

Frank Norris's Popularity

Frank Norris had a genuine success in England. People who often stand aloof at the new author shot at them from the mouth of the press agent's cannon enthusiastically admired him, no doubt discovered him for themselves. His was a

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success made in the best way—recommendation from mouth to mouth. His finest book, *McTeague,* may or may not now be known in England, but at this time—some eight years ago—it was *The Octopus* and *The Pit* that had made his fame. He would have had a fine time in England had he lived to visit it, for no people in the world are so generous nowadays in their recognition of foreign talent, and so hospitable in their expression of it.

Other Californians

Of other California writers, Ambrose Bierce has lately been attracting attention once more; William C. Morrow's *The Ape, The Idiot,* and *Other People* was much wondered at and admired; Gelett Burgess at one time published a good many of his fantastic products in the English magazines, but has now obtained recognition in his own country (like many another he had to go to London first, as Thompson Seton had to come to us); Mary Austin has won praise from the critics, but not the public deserved by *The Land of Little Rain* and *The Flock;* Jack London had a brilliant success with *The Call of the Wild;* Herman Scheffauer is publishing his rich and vivid stories and poems constantly in the English magazines. Horace Annesley Vachell, although an Englishman born, was a Californian rancher for many years, married a California girl, and found his literary inspiration in her State. But although his *Model of Christian Gay* and *The Quicksands of Pactolus* were interesting, he had no real success in England until the publication of *Brothers,* more than ten years later, and none in the United States until the publication of *Her Son.* Since then he has been a "best-seller" in England, and has had a growing if not brilliant success on this side.

Bierce and Stephen Crane

Ambrose Bierce has had a curious literary history. Some thirty years ago he was in London commanding distinguished attention; and one of the leading publishers collected his fables (from a weekly paper), and made him an offer, before it had even occurred to Mr. Bierce to issue them in book form. There is little doubt that had he remained at the literary headquarters of the world his fame would be unchallenged to-day, instead of spasmodic and debated. But he chose to return and bury himself in California, devoting himself to newspaper work, publishing now and again one of the remarkable short stories upon which his fame will rest securely enough. He built up an immense following on "the coast," but at that time the Californian's fame did not cross the Rockies unless the author crossed them first. None of his stories appeared in the Eastern magazines—possibly because they were not offered—and when the best of them were collected into a volume under the title of *Soldiers and Civilians,* they attracted little attention save among those always on the lookout for the new and the excellent. To be sure, the book had an unattractive title, it was published in San Francisco, it was unadvertised, and Mr. Bierce was then unknown in the East. Nevertheless, it will one day seem odd that the critics did not "discover" the new master of the short story, and save their credit. Howells did some years later; so did Percival Pollard, and a few other keen young men; and perhaps when the edition of his collected works is issued a wiser generation of critics than those playing with reputations fifteen years ago will do this artist justice. The book appeared in England under the title *In the Midst of Life,* but was left to take care of itself. Possibly those gruesome tales and appalling pictures of war, and of mental states under fire, depressed the critic and sent him flying to Rider Haggard or Jerome K. Jerome. Nevertheless, when *The Red Badge of Courage,* the direct offspring of that book, made its appearance the critics and public of both countries went into ecstasies. Curious fate! Crane had nothing to compare with the artistry or the creative power of Bierce, but he possessed an extraordinary mixture of brutality and human nature; perhaps he had some other indescribable quality that "takes." To me he was always a bore. I have a fancy that Bierce will find his true place in letters when some Frenchman of consummate literary skill trans-

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lates his tales and lays them before a people who judge with their brains. It is ridiculous that literary work should ever be judged in any other way. If a writer is endowed with both brain and human nature so much the better; that way lies true greatness; but as between the two, literature being distinctly a mental product, intellectual work should be given the first place if it stands the test. But we improve all the time!

Three Men and Three Women

Poultney Bigelow's *History of the German Struggle for Liberty, White Man's Africa, Children of the Nations,* and other important contributions to colonial literature, have all received widespread recognition in England, and he is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, a member of the Cobden Club, Ethnological Society, Royal United Service Institution, and Royal Corinthian Yacht Club. Like Thompson Seton, he lectures in England.

Mary Johnston's first books, and Garland's *Rose of Dutcher's Cooly* had much success. Nancy Huston Banks's *Oldfield* was well received by both critics and public in England. So was Robert Herrick's *Together*. *Pam* repeated its success in England. Its author, Baroness Hutten (Bettina Riddle, of Detroit), has been much admired there personally, and took part in the Oxford pageant three years ago. T. P. O'Connor some time since "discovered" Margaret Deland, and the English must have found much interest in tracing certain of our inheritances with variations! And now Robert Chambers seems to be repeating his American successes on British soil. All the magazine writers are almost as well known in Great Britain as in the United States, for the British prefer our magazines to theirs; the literary quality is not as high, but the world is yet a child and loves good pictures.

Harold Frederic

No American writer was ever more appreciated in England than Harold Frederic, and whatever he wrote was received by the press with the same consideration and distinction accorded to the leading British novelists. More particularly was this the case after the publication of *Illumination* (*The Damnation of Theron Ware*). The best men all read him, his books were seriously discussed, his next eagerly awaited. I was on the terrace of the House of Commons one day, a few weeks after *Illumination* appeared, and, the subject coming up, a member said in a tone of conviction: "*That* is the kind of a book I like." I had not "arrived" then, and wondered again if the English would ever like my books.

Personal Experiences

A short sketch of my own experience may not be uninteresting. The two little books before alluded to now seem to me to have been worthy neither of publication nor notice, and I have often wondered what William Sharp could see in them. I had not even met him. I was in Paris, whither I had fled; for at that time we had a most sensational press in America, and it was particularly the fashion to treat writers as if they were tight-rope dancers (if there are those that think it worse to be ignored let them run through those old files); one day I received a letter from William Sharp hailing me in terms which it would be immodest to quote. I nearly expired. Having been steadily abused for a year, told in so many words that I was not wanted, that the sooner I stopped writing the better, such a bolt from the blue might have been fatal had I not been of a robust physique. A few days later Mrs. Sharp wrote, inviting me to visit them in London. I had not intended to go to England, but the desire to go to some place where I would be approved of was irresistible, and I went. I spent a delightful week with those lively, warm-hearted Scotch people, and they gave me a big reception, no doubt to the astonishment of all invited. There I met Richard Whiteing (looking like Jane Eyre's "Rochester"), and we have remained the best of friends ever since. Mr. Hardy was there, and, duly presented, sat down with a sigh of resignation. He looked bored to extinction (he always looked pale and ill and bored, and I never could determine why he went to these receptions), until I happened upon the subject (Heaven knows how) of San Francisco cable cars. Then his face fairly illumi-

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nated and he clung to me for the rest of the afternoon. I met him several times during the ensuing month, and he always made straight for me and asked me more questions about the marvellous cable-car system (I am afraid I piled it on) of San Francisco. I feel convinced that if we meet in the next world we will at once take refuge in the old subject—varied possibly with that bastard of the cable, the overhead trolley. At this reception, by the way, was Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, then very much invited about in London.

The Amiable Whistler

At a dinner a few nights after this first reception I met Whistler and struck up a pleasant acquaintance with his wife. They called on the following Sunday (I was then in my own quarters) and meanwhile had "read up." In one of those callow effusions (whose names no one will ever learn from me!) I had remarked casually that in America there were now no great men. As Whistler entered the door, and before I could cross the room, he cried out: "What do you mean by saying that America has no great men? Am I not a great man?" Of course, I hastened to assure him that the American politician had inspired the remark.

Those little books fell flat. as they jolly well deserved to do, but I met nearly everybody in literary and artistic London, and they gave me a very good time. My next appearance was with *The Doomswoman,* which met with as little success (it is selling now, however), and this was followed in a few months by *A Whirl Asunder,* a little novel which Max Pemberton asked me to write for Cassell's Pocket Library. This had much praise and little sale. *Patience Sparhawk and Her Times,* however, had an immediate success with both public and critics; far more than in the United States, where the press fell on it tooth and nail. One of the leading American newspapers had half a column of abusive headlines, the first of which was "Obscene Literature." Little that virtuous indignant citizen dreamed of the *Bella Donnas* and the *Three Weeks* pickling for him. Nothing could make him turn a hair these thirteen years later. As my publisher had but just opened his American house, he naturally had few facilities for introducing a book, and the public nibbled very slowly, taking its cue from the press. But in England, Dr. Robertson Nicoll sent for me a month after its appearance, praised it very highly, and asked me to write a book for a young firm, as I had already given *The Californians* to the publisher of *Patience Sparhawk.* I retired to Rouen, and the result was *American Wives and English Husbands,* which did even better than *Patience Sparhawk. The Californians* was praised, but sold little, and the critics were quite shocked by *A Daughter of the Vine. Senator North,* however, gave me a still larger public than I had won with the other two books, and I have kept it ever since. As far as I have taken pains to observe, I am treated by the British press as they treat their own; sometimes they like me and sometimes they don't, but I have never had any reason to believe that my birthplace had aught to do with it. One or two American females resident in London have clawed me occasionally, but I have generally found Englishwomen, both on the press and in private life, full of kindness and appreciation. They have the courage of their opinions, which is more than can be said for this country; and it was not until they set the fashion that the American reader felt it quite safe to approve of me.

American Authors and English Publishers

Much has been said about the difficulty Americans experience in obtaining an English publisher for their first book. It is quite true that the public in England for American fiction is by no means as large as for that treating of the more familiar localities and problems, and publishers hesitate to spend money on an American novel unsupported by a reputation. But when the outlander has passed through those heavy portals he often gets more praise from the weary critic than the orthodox native. I have seen the most enthusiastic reviews of books by American writers of slight importance

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(sometimes sheets are sent over and put on the English market by the agent of the American house). Many a writer getting on slowly in the United States feels that his fortune is made when the British reviews come in, only to be sadly amazed when the publisher's statements follow; and London critics, moreover, will go on praising the work of American writers who take them for a bit to a land they may never see, long after the public has turned its back. On the other hand a goodly number of popular American authors fall flat in England.

A very few American writers have obtained a certain circulation in England and remained practically unknown in their own country. I have noticed this from time to time, but do not recall their names, and it is not worth while to make the attempt. It is all very well to obtain your first recognition in a foreign country if hostile critics and a puzzled public prevent your advancement at home, but if the native does not follow that foreign success as a matter of course, it means that you lack the power to interest a vast public whose level of intelligence is very high indeed, and who, if too young to be quite sure of itself, has a truly catholic soul. If your own people keep on rejecting you, after the *réclame* of English acceptance, you can call yourself a failure; it is, when all is said, one's own people that count most, and who must have the most instinctive appreciation of what one is trying to do.

The Tauchnitz Books

By way of a postscript it may not prove uninteresting if I give some idea of what the success of an American (or English) writer on the Continent of Europe means. Many American publishers object bitterly to "Tauchnitz," asserting that thousands of these smart little volumes are smuggled into the United States every year by tourists who restrain their desire to read a new novel until their summer vacation. The publisher goes on to demonstrate that if American travellers and Europeans could not buy these reprints, which are both cheap and handsome, the originals would be for sale on the Continent, and the revenue of both author and publisher far greater.

I spoke of this objection to Baron Tauchnitz once and he replied promptly: "Thousands may be smuggled into the United States, but not of the same book." Then he went on to point out that the average American and English novel which sells at home for $1.10, or 4s. 6d (the discount prices on $1.50 and six shillings), he was obliged to divide into two volumes, and sell for four francs, or 3.90 marks: in our currency, eighty cents. It is inconceivable that anybody who has the money to spend on a summer in Europe, no matter how humbly (and few know enough to travel third class, in which there is much joy), will deprive themselves for months of a new book for the sake of thirty cents.

As regards the sales of English and American books in the original, here is a bit of personal experience which will do as well as any by way of illustration. Baron Tauchnitz, although he had published all my other books (beginning with *The Doomswoman;* I acknowledge nothing prior to that!), refused *Rulers of Kings,* because of the fact that his Emperor was a character in it. That would mean trouble for any German publisher, and the wise publisher avoids trouble. Before long I began to hear rumours that the book was being read in Munich, where I then lived; and one evening before I left for a visit to the United States, an Englishman said to me: "I was in the big bookstore to-day and the proprietor pointed to a copy of *Rulers of Kings,* and said: *'There* is a book I can sell; and outside of Tauchnitz we have little luck with English and American novels.'" When I returned to Munich, some ten months later, I was informed on all sides that this book must be having a great sale, "Every one was reading it." This did not particularly surprise me, for Munich is a city of wealth and leisure, all well-educated Germans read English, and incalculable thousands of tourists pass through every year. So, one day, I dropped into the big bookstore to congratulate Herr Jaffe. He came forward with effusion. He bowed to the ground. "So you have done well with my book?" I remarked. "Magnificently. I have never done so well with an English novel before in the original. When you con-

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sider that we must sell these books for eight marks (two dollars)—" I congratulated him, and then asked casually how many copies he had sold. (One must keep an eye on these publishers!) "Twelve!" he said, triumphantly. "Twelve—?" He rubbed his hands, "Yes, Mrs. Atherton. Twelve." Then, as I remained petrified, it dawned upon him that it was not with joy, and he hastened to add, "Why, I have never sold more than two copies of Mrs. Ward or Mrs. Clifford in the English edition." I hastily changed the subject and asked him what book had had the greatest sale in Tauchnitz (the travel season was then over). *"The Garden of Allah."* He rubbed his hands again. "That has had a really enormous sale. I have sold here in this shop no less than thirty copies." I will not insult either the publisher or the general reader by comment; I will merely add that the Europeans are great borrowers, even of their own popular novelists.

Gertrude Atherton.

LAURENCE STERNE AND THE DEMONIACS

'T WAS at Jesus College, Cambridge," Laurence Sterne wrote in the last year of his life, "I commenced a friendship with Mr. H——, which has been most lasting on both sides." This "Mr. H——" was the notorious John Hall, who added to his patronymic the name of Stevenson, after his marriage in 1739 with an heiress Anne, daughter of Ambrose Stevenson, of Manor House, in the parish of Lanchester, County Durham. Born in 1718, the second son of Joseph Hall, counsellor-at-law of Durham, by his wife, Catherine, eldest daughter of Edward Trotter, of Skelton Castle, near Guisborough, John Hall-Stevenson, to call him by the name by which he is best known, went in his eighteenth year to the University, for which, though he did not there distinguish himself, he cherished to the end of his days a sincere regard. "I should recommend Cambridge as a place infinitely preferable to the Temple," he wrote to his eldest grandson, on February 17, 1785, "and particularly on account of the connections you may form with young gentlemen of your own age, of the first rank, men that you must live with hereafter; it is the only time of life to make lasting, honourable, and useful friendships. These advantages were lost to me and blasted by premature marriage. The scantiness of my fortune forced me to vegetate in the country, and precluded me from every laudable pursuit suggested by ambition."

The friendship between Sterne and Hall-Stevenson must have been of rapid growth, as Hall-Stevenson went to Jesus College in June, 1835, and Sterne left the University when he took his degree in the following January. Hall-Stevenson has been, no doubt accurately, described as a very precocious lad, with Rabelaisian tastes, and again and again his influence with Sterne has been made an excuse for the humourist's lapses from morality and decency. This, however, is most unfair, for when the young men became acquainted Hall-Stevenson was only seventeen years of age, whereas Sterne was two and twenty. However, be this as it may, of their intimacy at this time there is no doubt, and tradition tells how they studied together—it would be interesting in the light of subsequent events to know what they studied. They called each other cousin, though the relationship, if any, was most remote. "Cousin Anthony Shandy," Hall-Stevenson in days to come signed himself, and Sterne, in the famous dog-Latin letter written a few months before he died, addressed him:

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"mi consobrine, consobrinis meis omnibus carior."

Hall-Stevenson remained at Cambridge until 1838, then went abroad for a year, and on his return made the "premature marriage" to which allusion has been made. When he and Sterne met again is a problem not easy to solve. Sterne, writing to Bishop Warburton in June, 1760, mentioned that he did not know Hall-Stevenson's handwriting: "From a nineteen years' total interruption of all correspondence with him," he said, "I had forgot his hand." Since Sterne is so precise in giving the number of years, it would seem as if he and his college friend had written to each other until 1741, and that in that year the youthful intimacy, after the manner of its kind, had lapsed. Probably for some years they may have drifted apart, but there is an abundance of evidence to show that long before 1760 they were again on the best terms.

The threads of the college friendship, it has generally been stated, were gathered together when Skelton Castle came into the possession of Hall-Stevenson, who thenceforth resided there. As to when this happened the writers on Sterne only agree in remarking that it was not until after 1745, in which year, after the rebellion, Lawson Trotter, the owner of the Castle and a noted Jacobite, fled the country: some say that then the property passed to his sister, Hall-Stevenson's mother, and at her death to her son; others that it passed direct to the nephew as the next in tail. All these statements are inaccurate. Lawson Trotter sold Skelton Castle to Joseph Hall in 1727, and Hall-Stevenson, his elder brother, having died in childhood, inherited the estate at the death of his father six years later.

Skelton Castle, which is believed to date back before the Conquest, had been added to, a square tower here, a round tower there, by many of its occupiers, Bruces, Cowpers, Trotters, until, when it came into the hands of Hall-Stevenson, it was a quaint patchwork edifice erected on a platform supported by two buttressed terraces, which raised it high above the surrounding moat. Hall-Stevenson, amused by the picture presented by its medley of architectural styles, christened it "Crazy Castle," and wrote some humorous verses descriptive of it, well worthy to be preserved, especially as they are almost the only lines from his pen that can be printed in this respectable age.

There is a Castle in the North,
Seated upon a swampy clay,
At present but of little worth,
In former times it had its day.

This ancient Castle is call'd *Crazy,*
Whose mold'ring walks a moat environs,
Which moat goes heavily and lazy,
Like a poor prisoner in irons.

Skelton Castle was at this date more than half-ruined, as the owner was at some pains to indicate:

Many a time I've stood and thought,
Seeing the boat upon this ditch,
It look'd as if it had been brought
For the amusement of a witch,
To sail amongst applauding frogs,
With water-rats, dead cats and dogs.

The boat so leaky is, and old,
That if you're fanciful and merry,
You may conceive, without being told,
That it resembles Charon's wherry.

A turret also you may note,
It's glory vanish'd like a dream,
Transform'd into a pigeon-cote,
Nodding beside the sleepy stream.

From whence, by steps with moss o'ergrown,
You mount upon a terrace high,
Where stands that heavy pile of stone,
Irregular, and all awry.

If many a buttress did not reach
A kind and salutary hand,
Did not encourage and beseech,
The terrace and the house to stand,
Left to themselves, and at a loss,
They'd tumble down into the foss.

Over the Castle hangs a Tow'r,
Threat'ning destruction every hour;
Where owls, and bats, and the jackdaw,
Their vespers and their Sabbath keep,
All night scream horribly, and caw,
And snore all day in horrid sleep.

Oft at the quarrels and the noise
Of scolding maids or idle boys,
Myriads of rooks rise up and fly,
Like legions of damn'd souls,
As black as coals,
That foul and darken all the sky.

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Hall-Stevenson was, as has been remarked, a poor man, and could not afford to undertake the task of repairing the vast structure, though once he thought of making an effort to do so. When Sterne heard of this he wrote protesting against any interference with the fine old structure, and seasoned his letter with a touch of worldly wisdom that comes quaintly from him.

But what art thou meditating with, axes and hammers?—*"I know the pride and the naughtiness of thy heart,"* and thou lovest the sweet visions of architraves, friezes and pediments with their tympanums, and thou hast found out a pretence, *à raison de cinq livres sterling* to be laid out in four years, etc., etc. (so as not to be felt, which is always added by the d——l as a bait), to justify thyself unto thyself. It may be very wise to do this —but 'tis wiser to keep one's money in one's pocket, whilst there are wars without and rumours of wars within. St. ——— advises his disciples to sell both coat and waistcoat—and go rather without shirt or sword, than leave no money in their scrip to go to Jerusalem with. Now those *quatre ans consecutifs,* my dear Anthony, are the most precious morsels in thy *life to come* (in this world), and thou wilt do well to enjoy that morsel without cares, calculations, and curses, and damns, and debts—for as sure as stone is stone, and mortar is mortar, etc., 'twill be one of the many works of thy repentance.—But after all, if the Fates have decreed it, as you and I have some time supposed it on account of your generosity, *"that you are never to be a monied man,"* the decree will be fulfilled whether you adorn your castle and line it with cedar, and paint it within side and without side with vermilion, or not—*et cela étant* (having a bottle of Frontiniac and glass at my right hand) I drink, dear Anthony, to thy health and happiness, and to the final accomplishments of all thy lunary and sublunary projects.

Notwithstanding this sage counsel, Hall-Stevenson called in an architect, presently to be referred to as "Don Pringello," who, to his credit, declined to tamper with the building, and succeeded in inducing the owner to abandon the plan of reconstruction.

Hall-Stevenson from time to time visited London, and made acquaintance with Horace Walpole, and also with Sir Francis Dashwood and John Wilkes, who introduced him to the Monks of Medmenham and also gave him a taste for politics, that afterward found vent in some satirical verses. Lack of means, however, prevented his taking any considerable part in metropolitan gaieties, and he lived most of his life on his estate, making an occasional stay at Scarborough or some other northern watering-place. At Skelton, as William Hutton phrased it happily, he "kept a full-spread board, and wore down the steps of his cellar." Steeped in Rabelaisian literature, he caught something of the spirit of the books he had perused; and, inspired by the example of the deceased Duke of Wharton and of his friend Dashwood, he gathered round him a body of men with similar tastes, and founded in imitation of the Hell-fire Club and the Monks of Medmenham, a society which has passed into history as the Demoniacs.

The number of members of this convivial community cannot have been considerable. Hall-Stevenson, in *Crazy Tales,* gives eleven stories, each supposed to have been told by one of the band, the identity of the narrator being veiled under a nickname; and if this may be accepted as a guide, then there were but eleven Demoniacs in 1862—though, in a later edition, were added, "Old Hewett's Tale," and "Tom of Colesby's Tale." In most cases it has been easy to discover the names of the members. "Anthony" of the "Crazy Tale" was, of course, the host; and "My Cousin" Sterne, though he was also known among the fraternity as "The Blackbird," probably because of his clerical attire, and under this *sobriquet* was made the subject of one of Hall-Stevenson's "Makarony Fables." "Zachary" was Zachary Moore, of Lofthouse, a fashionable man about town, who spent a great fortune in riotous living; though the only story of his extravagance that has been handed down is, that his horses were always shod with silver, and that when a shoe fell off or was loose, he would have it replaced with a new one. He was a jovial fellow, and popular:

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What sober heads hath thou made ache!
How many hath thou kept from nodding!
How many wise ones, for thy sake,
Have flown to thee, and left off plodding.

Thus he was apostrophised by Hall-Stevenson, who subsequently indited an epitaph for him, which while it does much credit to the writer's heart, does less to his head: such a prodigal as Moore was lucky to be presented with an ensigncy.

Z.M.Esq. (thus runs the epitaph), A living Monument, of the Friendship and Generosity of the Great; After an Intimacy of Thirty Years With most of The Great Personages of these Kingdoms, Who did him the Honour to assist him, In the laborious Work, Of getting to the far End of a great Fortune; These his Noble Friends, From Gratitude For the many happy Days and Nights Enjoyed by his means, Exalted him, through their Influence, In the forty-seventh year of his Age, To an Ensigncy; which he actually enjoys at present at Gibraltar.

The "Privy Counsellor" of the *Tales* has been said to be Sir Francis Dashwood, but upon what grounds this statement has been made is not clear: if the assumption is accurate, the "Privy Counsellor" cannot often have attended the gatherings of the brethren, being usually otherwise engaged in London. "Panty," an abbreviation of Pantagruel, is known to have been the Rev. Robert Lascelles, subsequently the incumbent of Gilling, in the West Riding; and "Don Pringello," whose name has not transpired,* has his niche in *Tristram Shandy,* where it is mentioned: "I am this moment in a handsome pavilion built by Pringello upon the banks of the Garonne." Don Pringello also receives honourable mention in a scholium to the tale inscribed to his name by "Cousin Anthony."

Don Pringello (Hall-Stevenson wrote) was a celebrated Spanish Architect, of unbounded generosity. At his own expense, on the other side of the Pyrenean Mountains, he built many noble castles, both for private people and for the *public,* out of his own funds; he repaired several palaces, situated upon the pleasant banks of that delightful river, the Garonne, in France, and came over on purpose to rebuild *Crazy-Castle;* but, struck with its venerable remains, he could only be prevailed upon to add a few ornaments, suitable to the style and taste of the age it was built in.

*It has hitherto been assumed that "Don Pringello" was the playful form given by the Demoniacs to one Pringle. The present writer has been so fortunate as to enlist the kind offices of Mr. W. J. Locke and Mr. Rudolf Dircks in an endeavour to trace this architect; but neither an English Pringle nor a Spanish Don Pringello has been discovered.

"Old Hewett" was that eccentric William Hewett, or Hewitt, introduced into *Humphrey Clinker* by Smollett, who prophesied that "his exit will be as odd as his life has been extravagant." Smollett's anticipation was justified, even before the novel was published, as the author mentions in a footnote. Hewett, in 1767, being then over seventy years of age, was attacked by an internal complaint, and, to quote Smollett:

He resolved to take himself off by abstinence; and this resolution he executed like an ancient Roman. He saw company to the last, cracked his jokes, conversed freely, and entertained his guests with music. On the third day of his fast, he found himself entirely freed from his complaint; but refused taking sustenance. He said the most disagreeable part of the journey was past, and he should be a cursed fool indeed to put about ship when he was just entering the harbour. In these sentiments he persisted, without any marks of affectation; and thus finished his course with such ease and serenity, as would have done honour to the firmest stoic of antiquity.

There are still unaccounted for "Captain Shadow," "The Student of Law," "The Governor of Txlbury," "The Lxxb," "The Poet," and "Tom of Colesby"; and against these may be placed other frequenters of Skelton Castle—though it is possible some may not have been of the brotherhood. There were Garland, a neighbouring squire; and Scroope, whom Sterne referred to as "Cardinal S.," and who was probably a parson; and "G." of the printed letters, whose name in the originals is given as Gilbert. More likely to have been Demoniacs were Hall-Stevenson's younger

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brother, Colonel George Lawson Hall (who married a daughter of Lord William Manners), and Andrew Irvine, called by his familiars "Paddy Andrews," master of the Grammar School at Kirkleatham. Because Dr. Alexander Carlyle met at Harrowgate in the company of Hall-Stevenson that Charles Lee who subsequently became a general in the American army, and fought against his countrymen in the War of Independence, Lee has been written down one of the society; but it is improbable he was enrolled, if only because, leaving England in 1751 at the age of twenty, he was not again in his native land before *Crazy Tales* was written, except for a few months in the spring of 1761.

The Demoniacs (and the title may for the nonce be taken to include all the frequenters of Skelton Castle) have been damned by each succeeding writer who has taken them for his subject; but it is extremely doubtful if they were as black as they have been painted. Had they been merely vulgar debauchees, it is inconceivable that Sterne would have let them make the acquaintance, not only of his wife, but also of the young daughter he cherished so tenderly; and it is only one degree less unlikely that they would have won and retained his affectionate regard for a score of years, or that he would have read to them *Tristram Shandy* and have desired their opinion of the various instalments of that work. His letters are full of references to the Demoniacs, and he rarely wrote to "dear Cousin Anthony" without sending greetings to his associates, and expressing the wish that he was with them.

> Greet the Colonel (Hall) in my name, and thank him cordially from me for his many civilities to Madame and Mademoiselle Sterne, who send all due acknowledgments (he wrote from Toulouse, August 12, 1762; adding on a postscript). Oh! how I envy you all at Crazy Castle!—I would like to spend a month with you—and should return back again for the vintage.... Now farewell—remember me to my beloved Colonel—greet Panty most lovingly on my behalf, and if Mrs. C—— and Miss C——, etc., are at G(uisborough,) greet them likewise with a holy kiss—So God bless you.

A couple of months later, Sterne, still at Toulouse, addressed Hall-Stevenson:

> If I had nothing to stop me I would engage to set out this morning, and knock at Crazy Castle gates in three days' less time—by which time I should find you and the Colonel, Panty, etc., all alone—the season I most wish and like to be with you.

Again and again are allusions to the Crazelites, as Sterne often called them:

> I send all compliments to Sir C. D(ashwoo)d and G————s. I love them from my soul—If G(ilber)t is with you, him also (he wrote from Coxwold, September 4, 1764; and from Naples, two years later:) Give my kind services to my friends—especially to the household of faith—my dear Garland—to the worthy Colonel—to Cardinal S(croope), to my fellow-labourer Pantagruel.

Even in the last year of his life he looked forward to being present at a reunion at the Castle: "We shall all meet from the east, and from the south, and (as at the last) be happy together."

Faults the Demoniacs certainly had; but there is no reason to believe, indeed there is not a jot or tittle of evidence to support the suggestion, that they performed the blasphemous rites associated with the more famous institutions that served as their model. Their indulgences were limited to coarse stories and deep potations; which, after all, were regarded as venial sins in the eighteenth century. Even so, of course, it must be admitted they were not fit company for clergymen, and it is a matter for regret that Sterne should have been of the party. Doubtless Laurence told his story of "A Cock and a Bull" with the best of them; but he was no drunkard, and tried to induce Hall-Stevenson to give up the habit of heavy drinking:

> If I was you, quoth Yorick, I would drink more water, Eugenius (so runs a passage in *Tristram Shandy*).—And, if I was you, Yorick, replied Eugenius, so would I.

On the other hand, several of the Demoniacs were men of intelligence. With all his vices, Dashwood had brains of no mean order; Irvine, the schoolmaster and a Cambridge D.D., had, at least, some reading; and Lascelles, a

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keen fisherman, could write verses—not very good verses, it is true—in Latin and English. It is doubtful, however, if he was that Robert Lascelles who, in 1811, wrote the *Letters on Sporting,* in which he treated of angling, shooting, and coursing; although this rare work has been attributed to him. William Hewett, too, was a cultured man; he had been tutor to the Marquis of Granby, and was a friend of Voltaire. He had a pretty wit. It has been told how being in the Campidoglio at Rome, Hewett, who owned "no religion but that of nature," made up to the bust of Jupiter, and, bowing very low, exclaimed in the Italian language, "I hope, Sir, if ever you get your head above water again, you will remember that I paid my respects to you in your adversity." Indeed, that carousals at Skelton Castle were confined to the evening is shown by Hall-Stevenson's account of his guests' occupations during the day.

Some fell to fiddling, some to fluting,
Some to shooting, some to fishing,
Some to pishing and disputing,
Or to computing by wishing.

And in the evening when they met
(To think on't always does me good,)
There never met a jollier sett,
Either before or since the Flood.

Nor was Hall-Stevenson a mere voluptuary. Even though the critic may have exaggerated who wrote of him: "He could engage in the grave discussions of criticism and literature with superior power; he was qualified to enliven general society with the smile of Horace, the laughter of Cervantes; or he could sit in Fontaine's easy chair, and unbosom his humour to his chosen friends"; yet there is no doubt that he was a good classical scholar, and, for an Englishman, exceptionally well-read in the *belles lettres* of Europe, in a day when such knowledge was rare.

Anthony, Lord of *Crazy* Castle,
Neither a fisher, nor a shooter,
No man's, but any woman's vassal,
If he could find a way to suit her;

so he wrote himself down; and the description is good so far as it goes. But though "My Cousin Anthony" thus indicates that, unlike Sterne, he has no liking for field sports, he does not mention that he found his pleasure at home in the great library, that was so rich in what Bagehot has described as "old folio learning and the amatory reading of other days." There the owner browsed for hours together, and he wrought better than he knew when he introduced his friend Sterne to the apartment and made him free of it, for there it was that Sterne found in many quaint forgotten volumes much of that strange lore with which the elder Shandy's mind was packed. Dr. Carlyle found Hall-Stevenson a "highly accomplished and well-bred gentleman," and Sterne's opinion of his old college friend is clearly shown not only in his letters but in the character of "Eugenius" in *Tristram Shandy.* There must have been virtues in the man who stood for Eugenius, else Sterne, who had as keen an eye for the weaknesses of his fellows as any author that ever lived, would not have immortalised him as the wise, kindly counsellor of Yorick. How tenderly Sterne rallied "Cousin Anthony" upon his hypochondria.

And so you think this (letter) cursed stupid—but that, my dear H., depends much upon the quotâ horâ of your shabby clock, if the pointer of it is in any quarter between ten in the morning or four in the afternoon—I give it up—or if the day is obscured by dark engendering clouds of either wet or dry weather, I am still lost—but who knows but it be five—and the day as fine a day as ever shone upon the earth since the destruction of Sodom—and peradventure your honour may have got a good, hearty dinner to-day, and eat and drink your intellectuals into a placidulish and blandulish amalgama—to bear nonsense, so much for that.

So he wrote from Coxwold in August, 1761; and rather more than a year later, when he was at Toulouse, he reverted to the subject.

I rejoice from my heart, down to my reins, that you have snatch'd so many happy and sunshiny days out of the hands of the blue devils. If we live to meet and join our forces as heretofore, we will give these gentry a drubbing—and turn them for ever out of their

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usurped citadel. Some legions of them have been put to flight already by your operations this last campaign—and I hope to have a hand in dispersing the remainder the first time my dear cousin sets up his banners again under the square tower.

Once, instead, Sterne tried to cure his friend. Hall-Stevenson had a great fear of the effect of the east wind upon his health, and he had a weather-cock placed so that he could see it from the window of his room, and he would consult it every morning. When the wind blew from that quarter he would not get up, or being up, would retire to bed. During one of Sterne's visits to Skelton Castle he bribed a lad to climb up one night and tie the vane to the west; and Hall-Stevenson, after the customary inspection of the weather-cock, joined his guests the next day without any ill effect, although as a matter of fact an east wind was blowing. The trick was subsequently explained, though it is doubtful if it cured the *malade imaginaire*.

Hall-Stevenson was as devoted to Sterne as Sterne to him, and he made agreeable reference to their affection:

In this retreat, whilom so sweet,
Once *Tristram* and his cousin dwelt,
They talk of *Crazy* when they meet,
As if their tender hearts would melt.

When the first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy* were published, Hall-Stevenson indicted a lyric epistle "To my Cousin Shandy, on his coming to Town," that, through its indecency, brought in its train more annoyance than pleasure to Sterne; and subsequently (in 1768) parodied the style of the book under the title of *A Sentimental Dialogue between two Souls in the Palpable Bodies of an English Lady of Quality and an Irish Gentleman,* introduced by a note: "Tristram Shandy presents his compliments to the Gentlemen of Ireland, and begs their acceptance of a Sentimental Offering, as an acknowledgment due to the Country where he was born." A year after Sterne's death Hall-Stevenson, over the signature of "Eugenius," issued a continuation of *A Sentimental Journey,* for which he made the following excuse:

The Editor has compiled this Continuation of his *Sentimental Journey,* from such motives, and upon such authority, as he flatters himself will form a sufficient apology to his readers for its publication.

The abrupt manner in which the Second Volume concluded, seemed forcibly to claim a sequel; and doubtless if the author's life had been spared, the world would have received it from his own hand, as he had materials already prepared. The intimacy which subsisted between Mr. Sterne and the Editor gave the latter frequent occasion of hearing him relate the most remarkable incidents of the latter part of his last journey, which made such an impression on him, that he thinks he has retained them so perfectly as to be able to commit them to paper. In doing this, he has endeavoured to imitate his friend's style and manner, but how far he has been successful in this respect, he leaves the reader to determine. The work may now, however, be considered as complete; and the remaining curiosity of the readers of Yorick's *Sentimental Journey* will at least be gratified with respect to facts, events, and observations.

The book opens with an apostrophe to his dead friend:

Delightful Humourist! thine were unaccountable faculties. Thy Muse was the Muse of joy and sorrow,—of sorrow and joy. Thou didst so exquisitely blend fancy with feeling mirth with misfortune; thy laughter was so laughable; and thy sighs so sad; that—thou never wast, never wilt be equalled.—Thou hadst the *Key of the Heart.*—Lend it to a Friend.

O Yorick, hear me! *Half* thy work is left unfinished, and *all* thy spirit is fled.—Send part of it back. Drop one remnant of it to a Friend.

The prayer was not granted. The mantle of Yorick did not fall upon Eugenius, who had neither the power of humour nor pathos, but only the indelicacy, a hundred-fold increased, of the great man. Indeed, the writings of Hall-Stevenson rendered poor service to his friends, for it was their publication that brought about the forcible condemnation of the Demoniacs: the flagrant indecency of *Crazy Tales* being accepted as a clue to the thoughts and actions of the members of the society. Yet of that little production, which appeared in 1762, the author thought very highly:

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As long as *Crazy* Castle lasts,
Their Tales will never be forgot,
And *Crazy* may stand many blasts,
And better Castles go to pot.

Thus Hall-Stevenson in his Prologue, doubtless reflecting that since Skelton Castle had endured through seven centuries, it might well brave the breeze for many generations to come. His prophecy was not falsified, for *Crazy Tales* were not forgot until the castle went to pot—which event, however, took place three years after his death, when his grandson substituted for the unique and picturesque structure a house in which it was possible to live in comfort. Nay, the *Tales* outlived the castle, being reprinted in 1796 and again four and twenty years later, when they were assigned on the title-page to Sheridan. A glance at the catalogue of the British Museum Library shows that some singularly ill-advised person thought fit, in 1896, to reissue the book for private circulation.

That Sterne should find a word of praise for *Crazy Tales* was but natural.

I honour the man who has given the world an idea of our parental seat—'tis well done—I look at it ten times a day with a *quando te aspiciam* (he wrote to his friend from Toulouse soon after the publication of the volume; adding) I felicitate you upon what Messrs. the Reviewers allow you—they have too much judgment themselves not to allow you what you are actually possessed of, "talents, wit, and humour."—Well, write on, my dear cousin, and be guided by thy fancy.

It is more surprising to find Horace Walpole enlisting himself among Hall-Stevenson's admirers. "They entertained me extremely," he wrote to a friend, returning some verses, "as Mr. Hall's works always do. He has a vast deal of original humour and wit, and nobody admires him more than I do. . . . If all authors had as much parts and good sense as he has, I should not be so sick of them as I am." The critics as a body were not so kind, and incurred the resentment of the author, who lashed them in *Two Lyric Epistles,* which Gray, writing to the Rev. James Brown, thought "seemed to be absolute madness." The works, which were collected in 1795, were declared by Sir Walter Scott to be witty; but even that tribute has since been denied them. Bagehot dismissed them as having "license without humour, and vice without amusement," and Whitwell Elwin, in his masterly essay on Sterne, correctly stigmatised the *Crazy Tales* as infamous.

Lewis Melville.

FOR THREE VOICES

To-night I weary of my book of doubt,
Its creeds, and sciences of sneer and slime;
I throw my casement wide where clear shine out
God's seals still molten on the scroll of Time.

Upon the rack of Love despised I lay,
And one at midnight came to hush my groan
With—"Patience, brother, and at break of day
Thou shalt forget"—that word wrenched bone from bone.

I live—O God, my heart is beating still!—
Yea, this that walks and eats and sleeps, is I—
Alas, the light that fled these ashes chill—
My soul of dreams—I live to see it die!

Thomas Walsh.

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AS TO THE SERPENT'S TONGUE

O Woman with the Serpent's Tongue
Whose praises every age has sung,
Once more is wassail unto thee
From one who loves you ardently!
The Serpent's Tongue is not, you know,
In all respects a thing of woe.
'Twas that that on earth's natal day,
Or thereabouts, charmed, so they say,
The father of the human race,
And lured him from the path of grace;
Seductive, sweet, and sounding clear—
'Twas music to old Adam's ear,
Or leastways to his loving dame,
Which in the end was quite the same.
And furthermore the Serpent e'er
For wisdom has been symbol fair.
The Sages, Latin, Zend and Greek,
Oft of the Serpent's wisdom speak,
And if perchance that tongue is heard
There's doubtless wisdom in its word.
For me, I've known but Serpents few,
But those I've known I never knew
To gossip, or to speak unkind
The things they chanced to have in mind.
I've never known a Serpent court
The chance to spread an ill report.
I've never seen a Serpent try
To tell a good or evil lie.
I've never known a Serpent crack
A trustful friend behind his back,
Nor have I heard the Serpent's tongue
Sound soft or low or high among
The mongers in the Scandal Mart
In tittle-tattle tame or tart;
And never was a Serpent yet
Who violated Etiquette
By giving voice to evil fakes
About their neighbours 'mongst the snakes.
So when my song to thee is sung,
O woman with the Serpent Tongue,
Believe me it is my intent
To pay you quite a compliment
For your alluring, charming ways,
And for the Wisdom of your days
In giving over idle chat
Much more suggestive of the Cat!

John Kendrick Bangs.

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SUPERFLUOUS DETAILS AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*

N the final measurement of perfect art, it is often the infinitely small things that are decisive; in measuring the value of masterpieces of fiction we must not shut our eyes to the blunder of superfluous details. But at the start, let us get clearly in mind just what is here meant by the phrase, Superfluous Details. In a big general way every modern writer with even an elementary training knows the general rule regarding Economy of Means, however badly he himself may defy it; every writer knows that when he introduces into a story certain characters that have no structural connection with the plot, certain episodes that serve only to interrupt and not to carry on the narrative, he is disobeying one of the established laws of his art. Superfluous characters, superfluous episodes, superfluous description are all of them violations of the canon of economy. But when it comes to a question of selecting details, the error which the average author makes, seems to stand on a different basis. The author has decided that a certain character belongs in his story, that a certain episode is vital to the narrative, and that such an episode can take place in a particular locality and in no other. He wishes to describe that particular character within a paragraph of predetermined length, to give a word picture of the episode within a space that will convey an adequate impression of the lapse of time, to give just sufficient details of the stage setting to convey a clear impression of length and breadth. Now, within these predetermined limits, the author has an almost infinite choice of the things that he may say. He may give you five features of a woman's face or a man's character that will make that man or that woman live permanently in your memory as not quite like any other man or woman you have ever known. Or again, he may choose for his five details, features and traits which, while fitting perfectly into the picture, are really superfluous details because of the kind that we might equally well have imagined for ourselves. For instance, if the heroine is blond it is hardly worth while to mention that her eyes are blue; but if, by a whim of nature, her eyes are brown the author hardly has the right to withhold the fact—for in the former case we could have filled in the details for ourselves, and in the latter case we could not. Similarly, if a man finds the girl he loves in the embrace of his best friend it is a superfluous detail to mention that he is jealous and angry. But if, through some peculiarity of temperament, he finds himself neither angry nor jealous these facts become at once of structural importance.

In other words, the whole question of whether details are essential or superficial depends not upon their truth, but solely upon whether the statement of them will convey any new idea to the reader. Indeed, one type of fine art in fiction is to force the reader himself to do a certain amount of the detail work—a far greater amount than the novelist of fifty years ago would have dared to leave blank for the reader to fill in as best suited him. In the mere matter of physical description, for instance, we are getting less and less of definite detail in the modern novel. The author tells us the lady is fair; and if he says no more than

*The Song of Songs. By Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Thomas Seltzer. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

Germaine. By H. C. Rowland. New York: The John Lane Company.

Peter Homunculus. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: Duffield and Company.

The Wistful Years. By Roy Rolfe Gilson. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company.

The Foreigner. By Ralph Connor. New York: Doran.

The Prodigal Father. By J. Storer Clouston. New York: The Century Company.

Henry in Search of a Wife. By Alphonse Courlander. New York: Brentano's.

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that we every one of us mentally supply the features of the fairest face that lives in our memory. Or perhaps he refers indefinitely to her inimitable laugh, her unforgettable little trick of gesture, a quality in her voice that could be recognised out of ten thousand. If you stop to ponder over the phrase, you will realise that he has not actually said anything; he has simply given a certain impetus to the reader's own imagination—and the reader with the memory of some unforgotten laugh or tone or gesture awaking within him closes that book with a lasting impression of the author's rare descriptive power. Such a method comes very near the border-line of flagrant trick-work; and yet where well managed, one questions seriously whether it is not the best possible way of getting effect; whether, indeed, the omitted details would not have been both superfluous and ineffective. Sometimes, this trick of making the reader fill out the mental process is not merely an avoidance of the superfluous, but practically the only means of hiding the author's ignorance. For instance, let us imagine that he is describing his hero alone in the centre of an African desert. Now, we all have fairly definite preconceived ideas about a desert; for ordinary purposes, we can be trusted to fill in the details for ourselves; unless the author has something strikingly new to offer in the way of personal observation, he is wise to eliminate the superfluous details. But let us imagine further that this particular author has never seen a desert; his details would be not merely superfluous, but incorrect; so he writes merely something about "the sand, the glare, the parching thirst, the colour and the odour of the desert that, once experienced, leaves a haunting memory," and the chances are that the reader, unconscious of the trick, exclaims, "What atmosphere!"

All this, however, is by way of preface to a particular sort of superfluous detail which is noticeable to every reader, critical or otherwise, because of its intrinsic offensiveness. So long as a page of conversation or narrative or description is in itself harmless, the average reader does not stop to ask himself whether it is bad art; at worst, he has the very simple, almost mechanical remedy of skipping it. If the novelist tells how the heroine quite correctly dipped her spoon into her soup, and with equal correctness, conveyed it to her lips, the uncritical reader does not stop to consider that since the lady had already been presented as a person of culture and refinement, her table manners might have been taken for granted, and that the only possible excuse for mentioning them would be to show that in some one little particular she betrayed a vulgar origin. But there is one class of cases where the merest novice at criticism feels instinctively that something is wrong; and this is where the author interjects superfluous incidents and conversations that are in themselves an offence against the rudiments of common decency. This statement seems to be on the face such a truism as hardly to warrant serious discussion. Yet there is an excellent reason for discussing, due to the general public's inability to distinguish between unsavoury details, which are superfluous, and others equally unsavoury which are vital to the structure of a story. For instance, it is common knowledge that the dialect of kitchen and scullery is often essentially unclean; but that in itself does not justify an author when relating a conversation below stairs to inflict upon the reader a literal transcript of all the foul-mouthed epithets. The characteistic flavour of them can be briefly and effectively conveyed in a single sentence and the rest left to the reader's imagination. But contrast with a case like this the famous, one might almost say notorious, passage in Zola's *Pot-Bouille*, where a frightened and guilty woman is forced to listen to the early-morning quarrels of the servants in a middle-class apartment house, and to hear her own name mingled in a flood of filthy gossip, pouring from floor to floor, from kitchen window to kitchen window like so much foul dish water. Unpleasant in the extreme, to read or to think about, but artistically defensible provided you grant the right to tell such a story at all. And it is defensible on this ground: that the important question is here not whether certain ignorant domestics used the language of the gutter, nor whether the reader could have supplied these de-

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tails, had they been omitted. No, there is an entirely different consideration involved; namely, that the centre of the picture is occupied by a woman of dainty and fastidious tastes to whom such foulness of speech has been hitherto unknown, and who could not possibly have supplied it mentally. The turning point of the episode lies in the shock that she gets in having her ears thus sullied, and in hearing her own name mingled in the flood.

And because one of the books chosen for discussion this month sins rather badly in this respect, there is one more point of an analogous nature that must be briefly touched upon. Intimacy of life usually involves intimacy of speech, and this is so largely a matter to be taken for granted that the realists who have been most daring in their choice of episodes, have been sparing in details of private conversations excepting for the purpose of developing the action of the story. The fact that two people are sufficiently well acquainted to express their thoughts without a decent cloak of reserve is surely one of those matters which may be more wisely implied than expressed. And for the sake of emphasising this by way of contrast, let us take once more an example from Zola, in which he apparently transgresses this rule, but in reality establishes a wise and subtle distincton. It is the scene in *L'Œuvre* soon after Christine, Claude's model, comes to stay permanently at the studio. Now, the great point which Zola tries to make about Christine is her instinctive delicacy and refinement, and the fact that her whole life with Claude does violence to her better nature. Now, Claude, sensitive artist though he is, to the tips of his fingers, has in him a streak of vulgarity, and this would now and then crop out in a license of phrase which the author might well have let us supply for ourselves, excepting for the fact that here again he wanted to emphasise an exceptional case, and show us through the woman's protesting silence the particular way in which vulgarity reacted upon her. *"Elle finit par bouder, muette, inpénétrable. . . . Elle était très femme, elle se réservait, en se donnant toute."*

"The Song of Songs"

The most recently translated novel of Hermann Sudermann, *The Song of Songs,* is a striking example of a very remarkable work sadly marred by a host of details that are not merely superfluous but lacking in the elemental instincts of decency. In subject-matter, the book belongs on the shelf with Zola's *Nana* and Dumas's *Dame Aux Camélias;* but it has behind it no big basic idea to redeem it, no attempt to see woman as a factor in a nation's downfall, nor even as an object of sentimental commiseration—but solely as a stray victim for the psychological laboratory. Undoubtedly, Lilly Czepanek will henceforth take her place in the annals of fiction among the few women whom we know exhaustively. She is analysed with such merciless minuteness, the mingled good and bad in her laid open with such insistent frankness, such an absolute nudity of soul that one shrinks from the book with a sense of revolt against the unwarranted audacity of prying so deeply into another's life. Of course, it is a very wonderful achievement of its kind. From her fourteenth year, Lilly Czepanek has no secrets from us; we see her precisely as she is, fundamentally weak, vicious, prone to lie, constantly deceiving herself with aspirations that she knows will never be realised, and intermittently indulging in fits of abject repentance, which are as transitory and unsubstantial as shadows, because she has no real strength of character on which true repentance may be built. The book is all this and something more; it is an exhaustive panorama of the Bohemian world of Berlin, the world of the studio and the dance-hall, and of the tinsel glitter of life just beyond the social pale. To analyse the book in detail, from Lilly's initial victory in her marriage to a dissolute old colonel, through her subsequent downfall, her accumulated degradation, until the time when fate snatches the last chance of happiness from her, and leaves her with the will but not the courage to kill herself, would here serve no useful purpose. To any one who desires this sort of merciless knowledge of a weak and unfortunate woman, the volume is readily accessible. But it teaches

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no lesson of life that is either new or important. It simply shows us a woman helplessly adrift on a vast sea of polluted waters.

Another book that similarly offends by containing many unnecessary paragraphs of questionable taste is *Germaine,* by H. C. Rowland. In his earlier volumes, such as *The Mountain of Fears* and *In the Shadow,* Mr. Rowland has proved that he can handle, with a good deal of virile force and frankness, certain original and sometimes unpleasant themes. In *Germaine,* for the first time he seems to have gone out of his way to introduce unpleasantness where it is not really called for by the plot. Briefly the theme of the story is as follows: Germaine is a female child who, by reason of a strong friendship for her dead father, is accepted by Louis Marcellin, novelist and gentleman-vagabond, as a sort of sacred trust. Convent bred, and cursed with a diabolical temper, the child at eleven impresses one as being an uncanny and dangerous little animal and likely to be as troublesome from her sudden passions of affection as from her equally violent hatreds. Marcellin's theory of education is to let the child see, hear and know the worst as well as the best of life. Nothing in the way of reading is too old, too frank, too objectionable for her precocious intelligence. From Rabelais to the scum of modern French fiction all books are open to her. Throughout her girlhood, she roams the seas on her guardian's yacht, disguised as a boy and believed by the other sailors to be a boy; and from them she learns a coarseness of speech that would shame a London fish-wife. One thing, it must be conceded, Mr. Rowland has accomplished: he has drawn a rather unusual and interesting portrait of a young woman whom chance and the misdirected zeal of her protector have done the best to ruin, and who nevertheless eventually achieves a fine, high-minded womanhood. But the details of the story, the blindness of the man, not only to the fact that she loves him, but that he also loves her; his reckless marriage to a woman for whom he cares nothing, his subsequent insistence that Germaine shall elope with him and, because she resists him, his ultimate suicide are all too preposterous to be taken seriously. They belong to the category of things that people really do not do.

"Germaine"

Peter Homunculus, by Gilbert Cannan, is a book which, in spite of its very leisurely progress, its multifold characters and incidents, its frequently interrupted action, nevertheless leaves behind it the impression of having contained no superfluous details. There is nothing in it which you would willingly sacrifice for the sake of more rapid progress. It belongs, in subject-matter and to some extent in quality, in the same class with *The Divine Fire,* by May Sinclair, and *William Jordan, Jr.,* by J. C. Snaith. For, much as they differ in details of plot, they all three have this in common: they are concerned mainly with the early career of an introspective, sensitive young man whose knowledge is the knowledge of books and not of life; and in each case, the atmosphere of the story is mainly that of dingy London bookshops, redolent with the mustiness of ancient volumes and the smell of mouldering calf-skin. The really significant part of the life of Peter Davies begins on the day when, as a thin, undersized and rather forlorn lad, he finds employment in the shabby shop of a second-hand book dealer, who then and there christens him Homunculus, and gives him the following specimen of home-made philosophy:

"Peter Homunculus"

> Homunculus! You are old as the world, upon which you crawl, ant-like, burrowing in this heap which we call London; and you are young as the dawn and the dew. We salute you. Youth! The world is at your feet. Not for kicking.

The story concerns itself with what Peter Homunculus made of the world and of himself; how he achieves an education, first in the matter of printed pages; and secondly in the far more important matter of human life. In this second part of his education, two women play important rôles; one of them, the daughter of a clergyman, who, in spite of many good traits, is "as much a minx as every young girl of her age, teaches him

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grant colony, their lax morals, their drunkenness, their narrow adhesion to old customs and superstitions, their reckless disregard of human life, is all admirably drawn. You know without being told that he must have seen with his own eyes the promiscuity of Paulina Koval's notorious house, the shameless orgies of Jacob Wassyl's wedding, the abortive execution of the Russian death-oath. If only the author could have continued to forget that he was a preacher and reformer, and have remembered only that he was a creative artist, he might have let his characters live out their lives as their natures dictated—he might have really achieved a book of some importance. Instead, we have for the second half, an intermingled temperance lecture, east-side melodrama, and Sunday-school lesson every whit as puerile as the time-honoured tale of the good little boy who had plum pudding and the bad little boy who was drowned because he played hooky and went fishing.

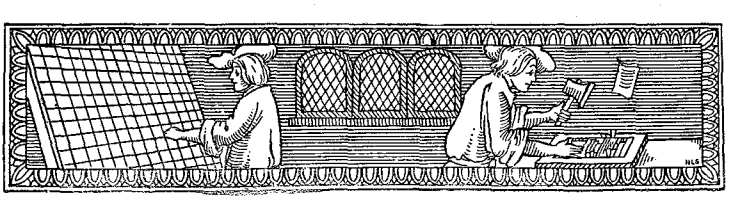
"The Prodigal Father"

The Prodigal Father, by J. Storer Clouston, deserves a cordial word of passing approval, because it succeeds in telling a perfectly preposterous story in a tone of sustained seriousness that just saves it from ignominious failure. It is the story of Mr. Heriot Wilkingshaw's rejuvenation, a story that finds its nearest parallel in Mr. Anstey's not yet forgotten *Vice-versa.* Mr. Walkingshaw is a hard-headed Scotchman, the head of the successful and close-fisted firm of Walkingshaw and Gilliflower, and the father of Andrew Walkingshaw, closer and harder than himself. His other son and daughter are of a different type; they are human in their affections and desires; they have both bestowed their hearts regardless of the dictates of social and material advancement; and there is much futile rebellion and much stern parental repression. But it happens about this time that Mr. Heriot Walkingshaw, suffering from rheumatism and gout and other admonitions of approaching age, rashly consults a quack, whose new method of electric treatment nearly proves his death. But instead of killing him, as it well might, it simply reverses the process of nature, so that henceforth he grows day by day younger instead of older, soon is forced to retire from the firm on account of youth, and at the close of the volume is a pupil in one of the lower forms at Harrow. The whole book is a well-sustained little farce, conveying a rather obvious little lesson regarding the greater indulgence that old age would show toward youth, if only old age could see through youthful eyes.

"Henry in Search of a Wife"

Henry in Search of a Wife, by Alphonse Courlander, is a bright, optimistic tale of a modern knight, who sets out bravely in quest of love, and roams over half of Europe, seeking that which, had he known it, lay all the time within reach of his hand, at home. The book is conceived somewhat in the spirit of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey,* without its coarseness; and to the reader who values the charm of style and subtle humour above that of narrative interest and the thrill of climax, it will prove a welcome change from the stereotyped novels of the present day.

Frederic Taber Cooper.



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the first principles of the eternal romance of men and women, but without sufficient earnestness to leave a lasting sting. The second is a famous actress, whom he long worships from a distance, finally meets and for a time, in his young arrogance, hopes to win. He does not realise that his only attraction for the actress is the glamour of his youth, and that she has no love to give him, because it already belongs to another man. When Peter has learned not only that he has set his heart on something that is out of reach, but also that life is to be accepted as it is, with all its disappointments, then his education is in a way complete, and he can look forward to a time when he will accomplish something of real bigness, a time when he can cease to look upon himself as a Little Man, who would never quite grow up.

"The Wistful Years"

In deliberate and careful workmanship such as the above volume, the average English novelist is frankly superior to our own writers of similar pretensions. And probably the explanation lies in that axiom of economics, the rule of supply and demand. An unpretentious little volume of the very first quality, *The Wistful Years,* by Roy Rolfe Gilson, gives the discriminating reader a very genuine pleasure, tinged at the same time, with a regretful certainty that it is a volume which will be passed by by the hurrying crowd, intent upon books that succeed in diffusing greater noise and glitter. Read with wise understanding, *The Wistful Years* is not the romance of a particular pair of lovers—it is the universal romance, yours and mine and our next door neighbour's; the romance which we either seized upon with the illogical wisdom of youth, and brought to a perfect fulfilment, or else, because we were unwise in our worldliness, allowed it to slip from our grasp, to be remembered in after years only as the vanished fragrance of what might have been. To many people, *The Wistful Years* will seem a sadly commonplace sort of book, made up of the young dreams of a mere boy and girl, their naïve discoveries about themselves and each other, their very transparent courtship, his jealousy and impatience, her trust and sympathy and courage, the brief eternity of waiting, and the final fulfilment of the dream. Well, to commonplace people, it is commonplace—as commonplace as all of that best part of life, to which such people are permanently blind. But it is a book for the discerning few to treasure, filling in the blanks from the shrine of their own memories, making it by adoption a chapter of their own intimate history.

"The Foreigner"

It is difficult to do justice to an author belonging to the class of Ralph Connor, because from first to last, in all his books, he commits the unpardonable sin of falsifying life—unconsciously, no doubt, and actuated by the best of intentions; but this does not do away with the fact that his books leave behind them the memory of what is nothing less than an orgie of revival meetings, wholesale repentances and reformations, permanent cures for drunkenness and debauchery to an extent that gives the lie to authenticated statistics, the world over. Of course, the wholesome-minded reader deprecates the existence of sin and impiety; but he recognises at the same time how much more can be accomplished by telling the truth about life than by distorting it into a wholesale landslide of modern miracles. All this is by way of preface to Ralph Connor's latest volume, *The Foreigner,* which came rather near being his first really good book. Its setting is a colony of immigrant Russians, Poles, Slovaks, at Winnipeg, in the heart of the great Canadian Northwest. Its theme is the conquest of Russian nihilism by the strength and justice and inflexibility of Anglo-Saxon law; the slow absorption of alien types into the Canadian commonwealth; the welding together of discordant races to produce eventually a better and a stronger type, physically and mentally. This theme, similar to that underlying Mr. Zangwill's recent play, *The Melting Pot,* is not only a legitimate idea upon which to build a novel, but it is a big idea as well; and, whether we agree with it or not, it deserves to be the starting-point of a big novel. Ralph Connor begins well. His opening chapters, sketching the degradation of the immi-

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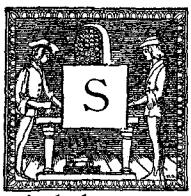
THE STANLEY AUTOBIOGRAPHY*



O far as this book is literally an autobiography, it is of extreme interest—of unique interest as a product of our own day. Stanley's ingenuousness and single-mindedness seem like relics of a more heroic age. What other man of modern times has set himself deliberately to tell all he could remember about himself and his experience? It is an exploit which we now only see mimicked by writers of fiction. Stanley did not hesitate to attempt it, and succeeded in the enterprise so far as he was able to carry it on at all. His success is due not so much to the fact that he had an exceptionally active, not to say spectacular, career as to the absolute candour of his narrative. His single-mindedness itself was his great advantage. From first to last he was one of your grim, determined men, a doer, a "rock-breaker," as the mid-African natives nicknamed him. He saw one thing at a time, and he saw that thing as a distinct and calculable bulk with a hard outline. He attacked the rock of autobiography as he had all the others—with a perfectly clear notion of what it was and how it was to be broken. His character and career stood out before him as intelligible and frankly admirable things. He was not the type of man—the prevailing modern type—who belittles his own achievement, either because the thing done always seems to him the trivial thing, or because it is not good form to show satisfaction in one's own work. It seemed to him at the end of his life that he had done great things, and he was anxious that everybody should reap the benefit of them.

Hence the *Autobiography*. In a letter written to his wife in 1893, he said:

> I should like to write out a rough draft, as it were, of my life. . . . Were I suddenly to be called away, how little, after all, the world would know of me. . . . Not all who hear are influenced by precept, and not all who see change because of example. But as I am not singular in anything that I know of, there must be a goodly number of boys who are penetrable, and it is for these penetrable intelligences and assimilative organisations that I would care to leave the truthful record of my life. For I believe the story of my efforts, struggles, sufferings and failures, of the work done and the work left undone—I believe this story would help others. If my life had been merely frivolous, a life of purposeless drifting, why, then, silence were better. But it has not been so, and, therefore, my life can teach some lessons, and give encouragement to others.

It is a pity that he could not have carried his actual narrative further; it hardly brings us within sight of the beginning of his real achievement. American readers will be particularly sorry that he did not finish the very full account of his early experiences here. The account ends with his discharge from the Union army in June, 1862. Up to that point the story is very interesting; but the element of romance in it is, after all, chiefly due to our knowledge of what the story-teller did in the world later on. The striking thing about it (as it may be considered alone) is its vivid realism. Stanley's style is by no means remarkable for its simplicity. His first triumphs were won in the field of post-bellum journalism; and he often betrays the reporter's preference for florid phraseology, even when he is really bent upon stating bald fact. But the whole effect is of plain speaking.

Stanley was a born fighter and worker, or his early experience would have crushed him. He was born in Wales of decent yeoman stock, but his father died within a few weeks of his birth, and his mother left him as soon as possible in the care of his grandfather. When he was four years old his grandfather died, and his uncles at first "farmed him out," and then let him go to the workhouse. There he spent six or seven years—the most impressionable of his boyhood. The memory of them leads him to speak of the English workhouse system with a

*Autobiography of Sir Henry Morton Stanley, G.C.B. Edited by his wife, Dorothy Stanley. With Sixteen Photogravures and a Map. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1909.

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bitterness which seldom appears in any other connection.

In his early teens he finally revolted against the brutality of the workhouse schoolmaster, and ran away—carrying with him every scrap of education the master had been able to offer between thumps. For a year or two he was passed languidly about from relative to relative. He found nothing useful to do in England, and finally went to sea. So he found his way to New Orleans and to that Mr. Stanley who later adopted him and gave him his name. He had been christened "John Rowlands."

America impressed the boy from the English workhouse much more favourably than various prosperous Englishmen who visited the States at about that time—Dickens and Thackeray, for example. The vaunted freedom and equality of American citizenship were a real thing to him.

> These American rights did not depend on depth of pocket or stature of man, but every baby had as much claim to them as the proudest merchant. . . . I had become conscious that I possessed privileges of free speech, free opinions, immunity from insult, oppression, and the contempt of class.

But "un-English" as he quickly became in his feeling, he took little interest in American politics, and when the war broke out entered the Confederate army from idle motives. A demoralising experience of camp life was ended by the battle of Shiloh. Stanley was in the thick of the fight.

> "There they are!" was no sooner uttered than we cracked into them with levelled muskets. "Aim low, men!" commanded Captain Smith. I tried hard to see some living thing to shoot at, for it appeared absurd to be blazing away at shadows. But still advancing, firing as we moved, I, at last, saw a row of little globes of pearly smoke streaked with crimson, breaking out, with spurtive quickness, from a long line of bluey figures in front; and, simultaneously, there broke upon our ears an appalling crash of sound, the series of fusillades following one another with startling suddenness, which suggested to my somewhat moidered sense a mountain upheaved, with huge rocks tumbling and thundering down a slope, and the echoes rumbling and receding through space.

At one moment in the engagement he fell behind, and had to make his way alone to rejoin his company, through a field of dead and dying. Later he was too precipitate, got in advance of his company, and was captured. He gives a gruesome account of his experience at Fort Douglas, from which he only escaped by enlisting in the Union army. But his health was gone, and after a few days he was discharged.

Here his narrative comes to an end. The pages which follow are made up of passages from his correspondence, diaries and books, linked with the editor's commentary. It is very well done, but it is not autobiography. The years which intervened between Fort Douglas and his launching as a regular correspondent of the New York *Herald,* which seem to have been full of adventure, are disposed of in a page or two: Stanley would have made them live. And he would have approached those later years of achievement from a new point of view. As he wrote before beginning the *Autobiography.* "My African life has been fairly described, but only as it affected those whom I served, or those who might be concerned. The inner existence, the *me,* what does anybody know of?" This *me* of the later years not even Lady Stanley's loving discretion is able to paint for us as he would have painted it.

H. W. Boynton.

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THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of December and the 1st of January:

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. Open Country. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
4. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. New New York. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $4.00.
2. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Trans-Himalaya. Hedin. (Macmillan.) $7.50.
4. The Heart of the Antarctic. Shackleton. (Lippincott.) $10.00.

JUVENILES

1. College Years. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Jack Hall at Yale. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50
2. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley. Stanley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $5.00.
3. French Cathedrals. Pennell. (Century Co.) $5.00.
4. The White Bees. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Lilac Girl. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $2.00.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
5. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Self Control. Jordan. (Revell.) $1.00.
2. Quest of the Yellow Pearl. MacFarlane. (Revell.) 25 cents.
3. The White Bees. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. American Beauties. Fisher. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.

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JUVENILES

1. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
4. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
6. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
3. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Stradella. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Keziah Coffin. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Heart of the Antarctic. Shackleton. (Lippincott.) $10.00.
2. Old Boston Days and Ways. Crawford. (Little, Brown.) $2.50.
3. Inns and Taverns of Old London. Shelley. (Page.) $3.00.
4. Trans-Himalaya. Hedin. (Macmillan.) $7.50.

JUVENILES

1. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Kit Carson in the Rockies. McNeill. (Dutton.) $1.50.
3. The School Four. Dudley. (Lothrop.) $1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Actions and Reactions. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Christopher Hibbault, Roadmaker. Bryant. (Duffield.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Heart of the Antarctic. Shackleton. (Lippincott.) $10.00.
2. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
3. Emerson's Journals. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.50.
4. Retrospections of an Active Life. Bigelow. (Baker & Taylor.) $12.00.

JUVENILES

1. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Great Sea Horse. Anderson. (Little, Brown.) $2.00.
3. Can You Believe Me Stories. Aspinwall. (Dutton.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
4. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
3. Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley. Stanley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $5.00.
4. Through the French Provinces. Peixotto. (Scribner.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Jack Hall at Yale. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. New Sophomore. Hamilton. (Appleton.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
4. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. My Lady of the South. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel's Good Times. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Air Ship Boys Series. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
3. Billy Whisker's Grandchildren. Montgomery. (Brewer & Barse.) $1.25.

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CINCINNATI, OHIO

Fiction

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
3. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Beasley's Christmas Party. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Fiction

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Susanna and Sue. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Severed Mantle. Lindsey. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Historical Essays. Rhodes. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
2. Holland of To-day. Edwards. (Moffat, Yard.) $6.00.
3. Italian Hours. James. (Houghton Mifflin.) $7.50.
4. Francis Joseph and His Times. Rumbold. (Appleton.) $4.00.

Juveniles

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
4. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

1. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Fiction

1. Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Beasley's Christmas Party. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Problem of Human Life. Eucken. (Scribner.) $3.00.
2. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. Promise of American Life. Croly. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
4. The Song of Our Syrian Guest. Knight. (Pilgrim Press.) 50 cents.

Juveniles

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Child's Garden of Verses. Stevenson. (Scribner.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Fiction

1. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Island of Regeneration. Brady. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Susanna and Sue. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Lane.) $1.75.

Non-Fiction

1. Quantrell and the Border Wars. Connelley. (Torch Press.) $3.50.
2. Conquest of the Missouri. Hanson. (McClurg.) $2.00.
3. A Midsummer Night's Dream. Shakespeare. (Doubleday, Page.) $5.00.
4. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

Juveniles

1. The Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Fiction

1. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
3. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
6. Beasley's Christmas Party. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. (Doran.) $5.00.
2. French Cathedrals. Pennell. (Century Co.) $5.00.
3. The Tempest. Shakespeare. (Doran.) $4.50.
4. Autobiography of Stanley. Stanley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $5.00.

Juveniles

1. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Grimm's Fairy Tales. (Doubleday, Page.) $6.00.
3. Kipling Stories Every Child Should Know. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Fiction

1. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Land of Long Ago. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. Kentucky in the Nation's History. McElroy. (Moffat, Yard.) $5.00.
3. The Alhambra. Irving. (Lippincott.) $2.50.
4. Romantic Germany. Schauffler. (Century Co.) $3.50.

Juveniles

1. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Fiction

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Half a Chance. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Fiction

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Susanna and Sue. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Fiction

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
3. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
2. Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley. Stanley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $5.00.
3. American Beauties. Fisher. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
4. Suitable Child. Duncan. (Revell.) 60 cents.

Juveniles

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 60 cents.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Fiction

1. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.

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3. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley. Stanley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $5.00.
3. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
4. Book of Christmas. Mabie. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Jack Hall at Yale. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. College Years. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Open Country. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Ann Veronica. Wells. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Girls of To-Day. Underwood. (Stokes.) $3.00.
4. Christy Book. (Moffat, Yard.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. College Years. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Miss Betty of New York. Deland. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The School Four. Dudley. (Lothrop.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
4. Flower of the Dusk. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Girls of To-Day. Underwood. (Stokes.) $3.00.
2. Manors of Old Virginia. Sale. (Lippincott.) $5.00.
3. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. An Annapolis Youngster. Beach. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. Ralph Osborn, Midshipman. Beach. (Wilde.) $1.50.
3. Barty Crusoe. Burnett. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.00.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
4. My Lady of the South. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Self Control. Jordan. (Revell.) $1.00.
2. A Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
3. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Friendship. Black. (Revell.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Air Ship Boys. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
3. Rover Boys. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 75 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
3. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
5. Ann Veronica. Wells. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. George Bernard Shaw. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

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3. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
4. Trans-Himalaya. Hedin. (Macmillan.) $7.50.

JUVENILES

1. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Jack Hall at Yale. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
3. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
5. The Key of the Unknown. Carey. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Recollections of Grover Cleveland. Parker. (Century Co.) $3.00.
2. New New York. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $4.00.
3. Longfellow's Country. Clark. (Baker & Taylor.) $2.50.
4. The Old Town. Riis. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. Historic Boyhood. Holland. (Jacobs.) $1.50.
3. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
6. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Hunters' Camp Fires. House. (Harper.) $5.00.
2. Automobile Education. Homan. (Andel.) $2.00.
3. Christian Religion as a Healing Power. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.00.
4. Going Down to Jerusalem. Duncan. (Harper.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Winning His Shoulder Straps. Brainerd. (Lothrop.) $1.25.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. A West Point Cadet. Malone. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
4. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
5. Farming It. Shute. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
6. Susanna and Sue. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

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NON-FICTION

1. Greek Lands and Letters. Allinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.
2. By the Waters of Egypt. Lorimer. (Pott.) $4.00.
3. Travels in Spain. Marden. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Bunnikin Bunnies. Davidson. (Houghton Mifflin.) 60 cents.
2. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. Child's Garden of Verses. Stevenson. (Scribner.) $1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. My Day. Pryor. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
2. American Beauties. Fisher. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
3. Virginia's Attitude Toward Slavery and Secession. Mumford. (Longmans, Green.) $2.00.
4. Riley Roses. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Chatterbox. (Dana Estes.) $1.50.
2. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. Teddy B and Teddy G, Bear Detectives. Eaton. (Sterne.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Diplomatic Memoirs. Foster. (Houghton Mifflin.) $6.00.
3. Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.50.
4. My Recollections. Cardigan. (Lane.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Jack Hall at Yale. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
4. Open Country. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. George Bernard Shaw. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Jack Hall at Yale. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Patty's Pleasure Trip. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
3. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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NON-FICTION

1. Undine. Fouque. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
2. Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. (Doran.) $5.00.
3. The Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
4. American Beauties. Fisher. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Chatterbox. (Dana Estes.) $1.50.
2. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Riley & Britton.) $1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Angel and Star. Connor. (Revell.) 50 cents.
3. Down by Galilee. Connor. (Revell.) 50 cents.
4. Romantic Germany. Schauffler. (Century Co.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The City That Is. Steele. (Robertson.) $1.00.
2. California. Jordan. (Robertson.) 50 cents.
3. Shakespeare's Plays.
4. Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

JUVENILES

1. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Little Colonel Stories. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Old Friends. Winter. (Moffat, Yard.) $3.00.
2. American Beauties. Fisher. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
3. Ballads of a Cheechako. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
4. Autobiography of Nathaniel S. Shaler. (Houghton Mifflin.) $4.00.

JUVENILES

1. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Jack Hall at Yale. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Grimm's Tales. Rackham. (Doubleday, Page.) $6.00.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.

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5. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. Cruisers. Adams. (Inland Ptg. Co.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Columbia River. Lyman. (Putnam.) $3.50.
2. Kipling. Pocket edition. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Riley's Poems. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Chatterbox. (Dana Estes.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
4. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
5. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Westminster Co.) $1.25.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. The Attic Guest. Knowles. (Revell.) $1.25.
4. Northern Lights. Parker. (Copp.) $1.50.
5. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Briggs.) $1.50.
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (McLeod.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Ballads of a Cheechako. Service. (Briggs.) $1.00.
2. Songs of a Sourdough. Service. (Briggs.) $1.00.
3. Canada. Laut. (Briggs.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Sowing Seeds in Danny. McClung. (Briggs.) $1.00.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
6. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.

NON-FICTION

1. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Diplomatic Memoirs. Foster. (Houghton Mifflin.) $6.00.
3. My Recollections. Cardigan. (Lane.) $3.50.
4. The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.40.

JUVENILES

1. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Annapolis Books. Beach. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
5. Keziah Coffin. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Old Boston Days and Ways. Crawford. (Little, Brown.) $2.50.
2. Inns and Taverns of Old London. Shelley. (Page.) $3.00.
3. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
4. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.

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Juveniles

1. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

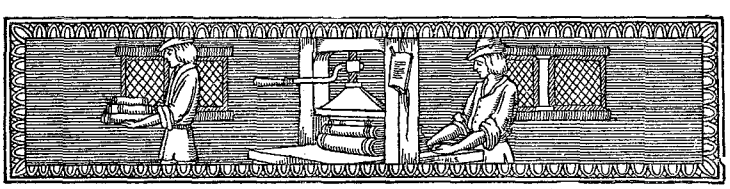
From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list		receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50	223
2. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00	180
3. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50	162
4. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	156
5. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50	119
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50	116



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A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF NEW NOVELS

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH

BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO

	NO. LISTS
The Foreigner	9
The Silver Horde	8
Truxton King	6
Little Sister Snow	6
The Calling of Dan Matthews	6
John Marvel	3
When a Man Marries	2

EAST

NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER

	NO. LISTS
John Marvel	13
Little Sister Snow	12
The Foreigner	9
Bella Donna	9
It Never Can Happen Again	5
When a Man Marries	5
The Silver Horde	5
Truxton King	4
Old Rose and Silver	4
Anne of Avonlea	3
A Certain Rich Man	3
Keziah Coffin	2
The Lords of High Decision	2

SOUTH

ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND

	NO. LISTS
When a Man Marries	5
Little Sister Snow	5
John Marvel	4
Bella Donna	4
Old Rose and Silver	3
Truxton King	3
The Girl of the Limberlost	2
The Silver Horde	2

WEST AND MIDDLE WEST

CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO

	NO. LISTS
The Foreigner	8
When a Man Marries	8
A Certain Rich Man	7
Truxton King	6
Little Sister Snow	6
The Calling of Dan Matthews	5
Old Rose and Silver	4
The Silver Horde	3
Beasley's Christmas Party	3
My Lady of the South	2
Susanna and Sue	2
It Never Can Happen Again	2
Bella Donna	2
John Marvel	2

"No. Lists" indicates the number of times the book appears on lists sent to us from various cities. Books mentioned only once not included.

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A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF JUVENILES

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, and Toronto	EAST New York City, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Providence, Pittsburg, Rochester, Washington, and Worcester	SOUTH Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Richmond	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Omaha, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Toledo
Arabian Nights	Captain Chub	College Years	The Road to Oz
The Road to Oz	College Years	An Annapolis Youngster	Arabian Nights
Double Play	Arabian Nights	Chatterbox	Jack Hall at Yale
Anne of Avonlea	Double Play	Arabian Nights	Anne of Avonlea
Jack Hall at Yale	Betty Wales	Captain Chub	Double Play

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF BOOKS—NON-FICTION

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, and Toronto	EAST New York City, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Providence, Pittsburg, Rochester, Washington, and Worcester	SOUTH Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Richmond	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Omaha, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Toledo
Tremendous Trifles	Tremendous Trifles	The Blue Bird	Problem of Human Life
A Wanderer in Paris	New New York	Girls of To-day	French Cathedrals
Stanley's Autobiography	Heart of the Antarctic	My Day	G. B. Shaw
Old Friends	G. B. Shaw	Romantic Germany	Undine
Riley's Poems	Parker's Cleveland	Religion and Medicine	The City That Is

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